

JACK ARMSTRONG

THE ALL-AMERICAN BOY OF RADIO FAME

JACK ARMSTRONG ADVENTURE MAGAZINE



JACK MEETS MYSTERY--DANGER--
AND NEW ADVENTURE...
IN THE **DEN** OF THE
GOLDEN DRAGON!



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A MESSAGE TO THE BOYS OF AMERICA

from JACK ARMSTRONG
THE ALL-AMERICAN BOY

JACK ARMSTRONG'S ALL-AMERICAN MOTTO:

*To keep myself straight and strong and clean—
in mind as well as in body!*

A big Airedale had sunk his fangs deep into the soft flesh of a small, defenseless terrier when Billy and I arrived on the scene. We chased off the Airedale, then looked carefully to see if any harm had been suffered by the bewildered underdog.

Underdog! As I inspected the torn little terrier, the full meaning of that word—underdog—suddenly came over me.

All of us, at times, are underdogs. You and I and Billy and Betty and everyone else. Even that Airedale, if suddenly attacked by an Alaskan husky, would become the underdog.

There's another word for underdog... a word you'll hear more and more often as you grow older. That word is "minority." It's not a very big word, but it has a very big meaning.

A minority is a small group of people. America, being the melting pot of nations, is made up of many, many minorities. Sometimes a big minority (like the Airedale) attacks a small minority (like the terrier). The tragic part is that these minorities are people, not animals, and that they should want to hurt their fellow human beings.

If you say, "But these things do not concern **me**," you are mistaken. In your own neighborhood, you know one boy



who is different from the rest. Maybe his skin is darker. Maybe he talks differently. Or maybe he's small, defenseless, and easy pickings for a bully.

The next time you see someone being pushed around—just because he's "different" from the rest of the gang—remember that **all** Americans are created free and **equal**. Remember we are not animals that must settle our differences by brute force, but human beings who can—and must—rule our affairs with reason and justice. Your own good example in helping the "little fellow" will be a big step in that direction.

JACK ARMSTRONG

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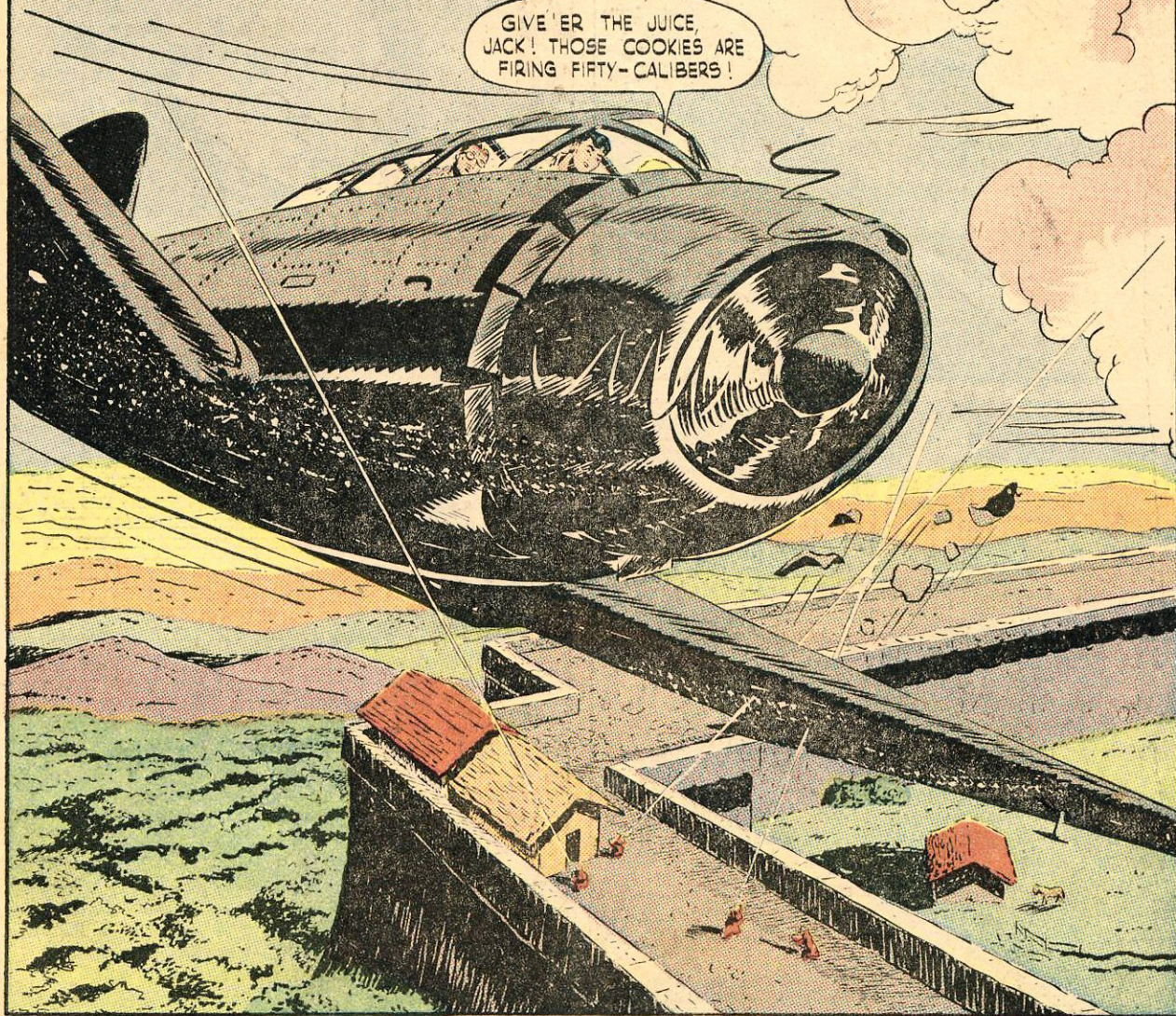
JACK ARMSTRONG

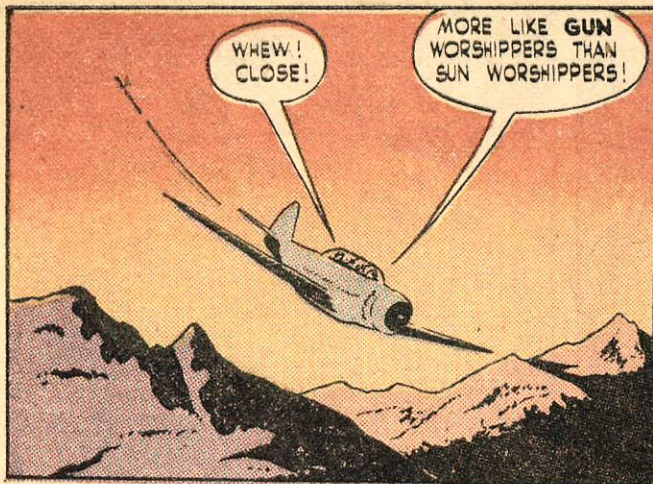
IN THE

Den of the Golden Dragon

LEADING A DARING AIR-SEARCH INTO TIBET, LAND OF MYSTERY AND DANGER, JACK SEEKS MISSING HEIRESS NANCY HARKNESS, HELD CAPTIVE BY SAVAGE SUN WORSHIPPERS AFTER AN AIR CRASH. NOW, AS JACK AND HIS CREW LOCATE THE TEMPLE OF THE YELLOW MEN, A BURST OF GUNFIRE GREETES THEM FROM THE GROUND—

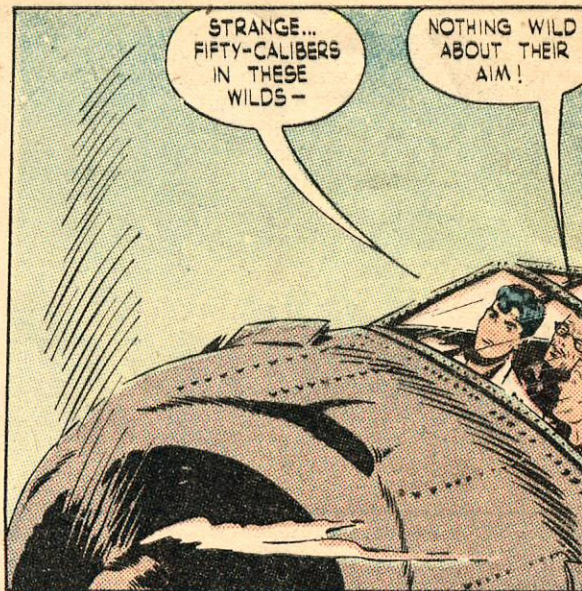
GIVE 'ER THE JUICE,
JACK! THOSE COOKIES ARE
FIRING FIFTY-CALIBERS!





WHEW!
CLOSE!

MORE LIKE GUN
WORSHIPPERS THAN
SUN WORSHIPPERS!



STRANGE...
FIFTY-CALIBERS
IN THESE
WILDS -

NOTHING WILD
ABOUT THEIR
AIM!



BETTER CHECK FOR
DAMAGE, JACK. THAT
PLATEAU LOOKS SAFE
FOR LANDING.

OKAY,
UNCLE JIM,
HERE GOES -

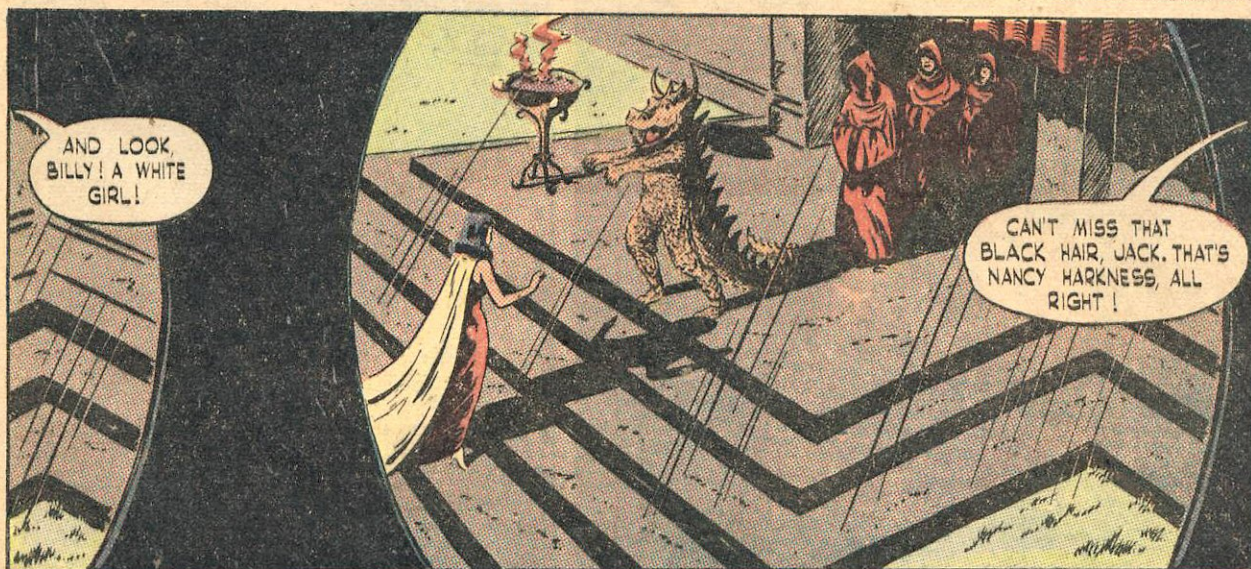


JUST A FEW HOLES
IN THE WING. WE'RE
LUCKY.

GOOD. THE NEXT STEP
IS TO GET A CLOSER
PEEK AT THAT TEMPLE.
BILLY, I'VE GOT
AN IDEA!



THAT NIGHT, EQUIPPED WITH WALKIE-TALKIE RADIO
TO KEEP THEM IN TOUCH WITH UNCLE JIM AND
VIC, JACK AND BILLY DROP SILENTLY INTO
WOODED TERRAIN OVERLOOKING THE TEMPLE...



INSIDE THE TEMPLE, CLOSELY GUARDED BY THE GOLDEN DRAGON, NANCY HARKNESS IS HELD CAPTIVE QUEEN OF THE SUN WORSHIPPERS!



NOW IF THAT MINE SHAFT CONNECTS UNDERGROUND WITH THE TEMPLE—

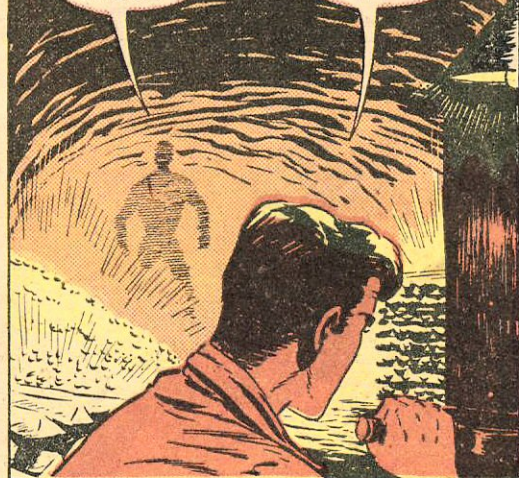
I'M READING YOUR MIND, JACK!



AS NIGHT FALLS THE TWO AMERICANS GROPE THEIR WAY INSIDE THE SHAFT. JACK'S FINGERS FIND A SWITCH AND —

ELECTRICITY! WHAT A LAYOUT!

AND GOLD—STACKS OF IT!

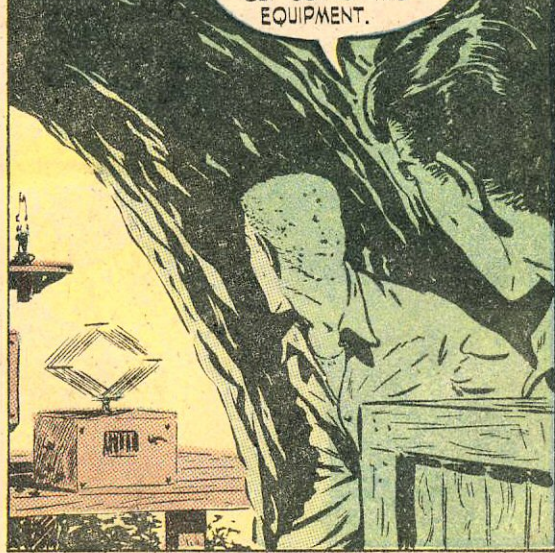


HERE'S THE RADIO ROOM, COMPLETE WITH TWO-WAY EQUIPMENT.

WELL! TUNE ME FOR A TRANSMITTER!



VOICES! QUICK, BILLY, GET BEHIND THIS EQUIPMENT.



TWO CULTISTS ENTER AND QUICKLY SET UP THE RADIO. TO JACK'S ASTONISHMENT, THEY SPEAK ENGLISH!



THIS MAKES THE TENTH CARGO WE'VE FLOWN TO SHANGHAI.

YEH— THANKS TO THE HARKNESS DAME!



BEFORE THESE SUN WORSHIPPERS WISE UP SHE'S NO GODDESS FROM THE SKIES, THEY'LL BE MINUS ONE GOLD MINE!

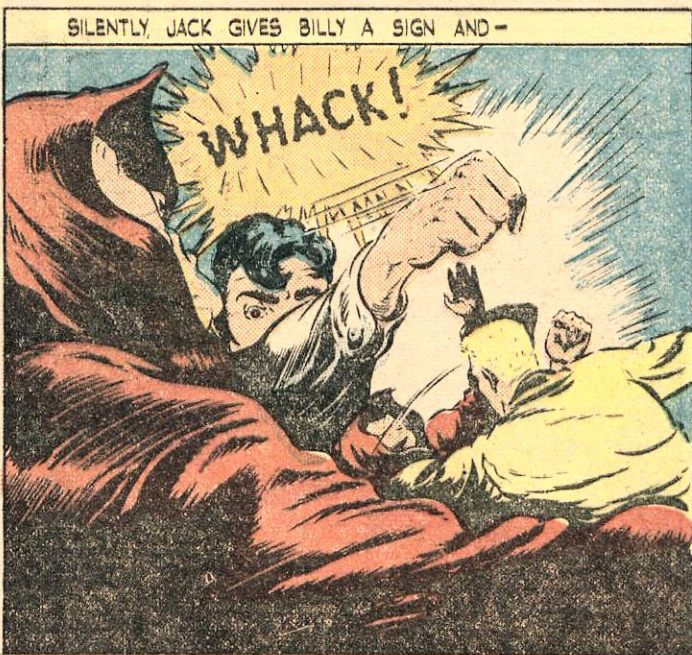


THOSE PATSIES FELL FOR THAT GODDESS GAG—HOOK, MINE AND SINKER!

AND WITH THE BOSS HOLDIN' A GUN TO HER HEAD, SHE TELLS 'EM WHAT WE WANT HER TO.



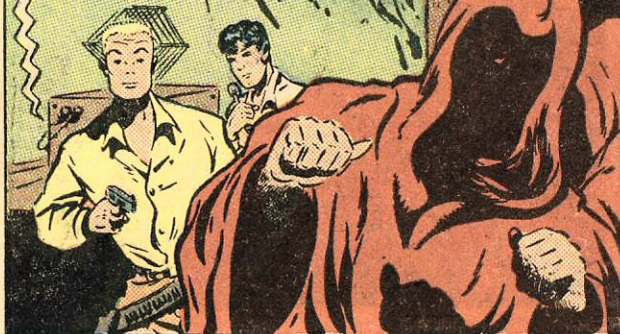
SILENTLY, JACK GIVES BILLY A SIGN AND—



JACK QUICKLY TAKES OVER THE RADIO.

COME IN,
PILOT... COME
IN, PILOT.

PILOT TO
GROUND... IS
GOLD READY
FOR PICKUP?



OKAY HERE...
AWAIT YOUR
ARRIVAL AT
11:45... OUT!



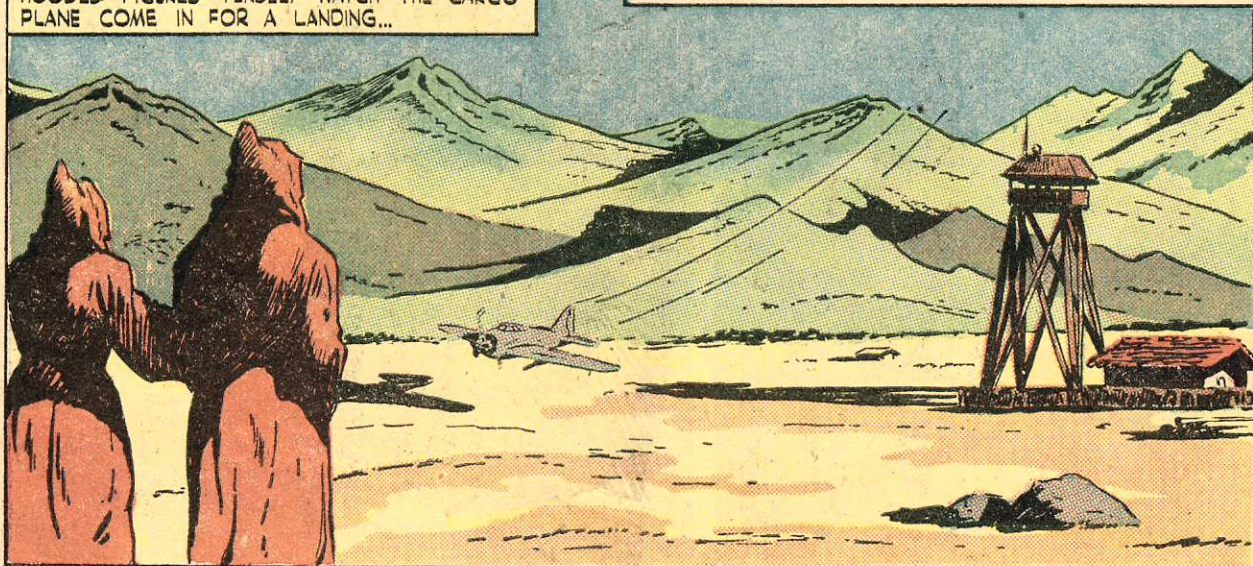
HOP TO IT, WILLIAM!
THAT CRATE ARRIVES
IN FIFTEEN MINUTES.

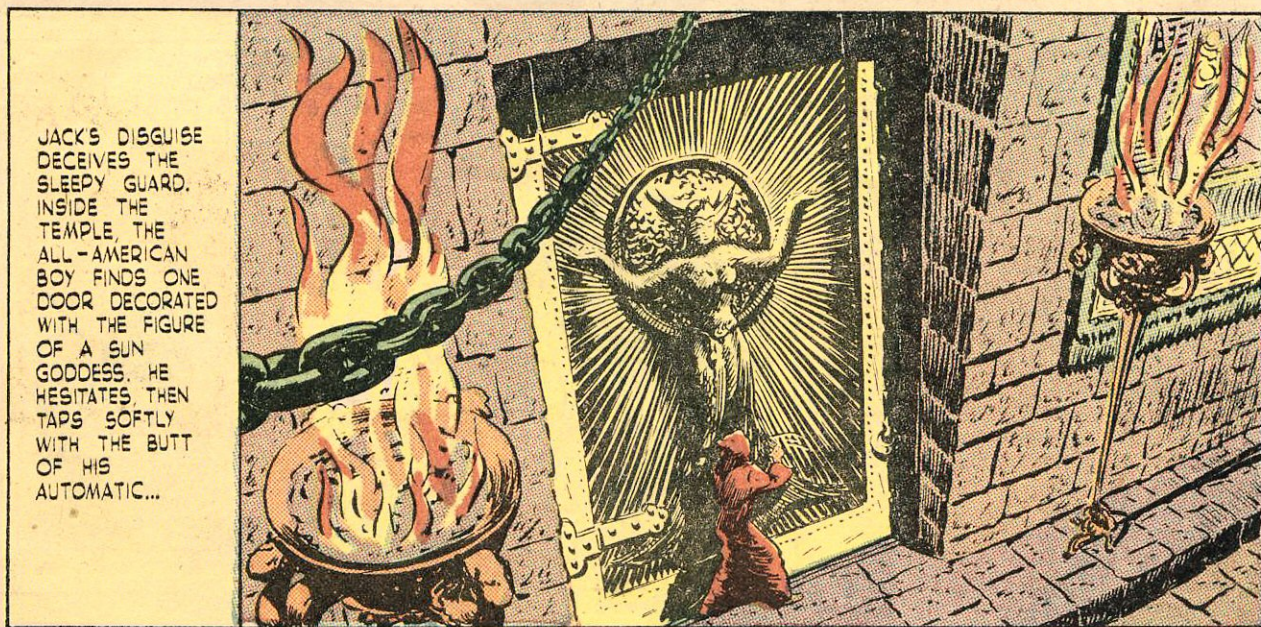
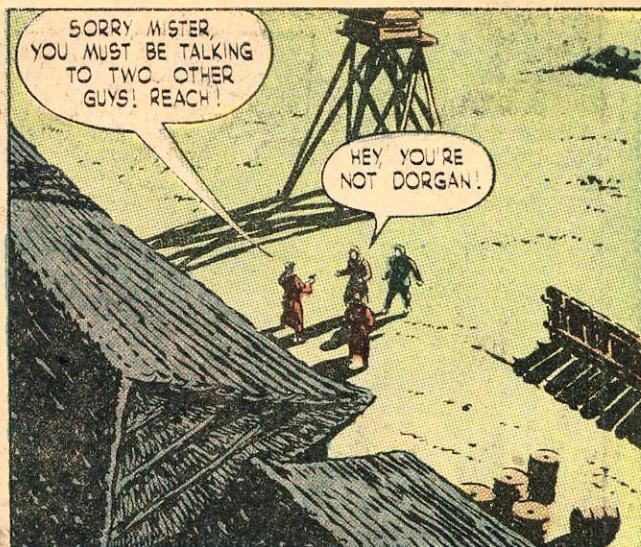


HAVEN'T BEEN TO
A MASQUERADE PARTY
IN A LONG TIME, JACK.
LET'S GO!



AT THE NARROW AIRSTRIP NEAR THE MINE, TWO
HOODED FIGURES TENSELY WATCH THE CARGO
PLANE COME IN FOR A LANDING...







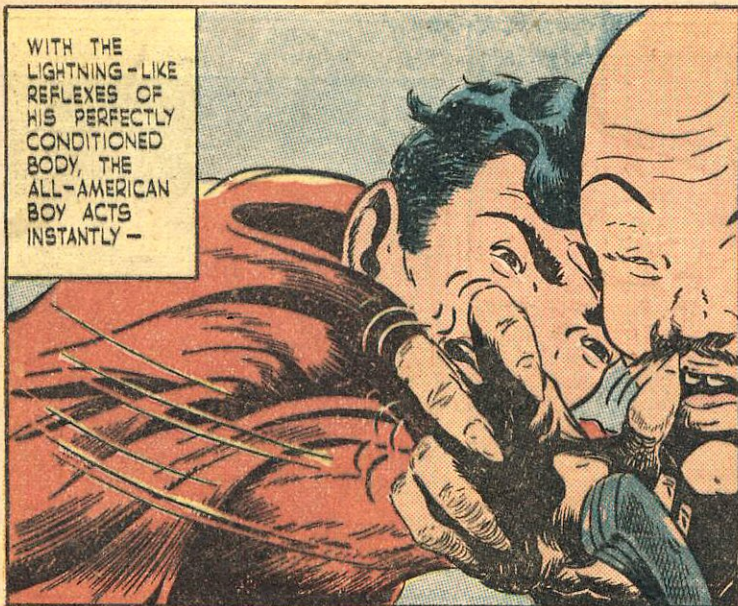
SHH — I'M YOUR FRIEND. LET ME IN.



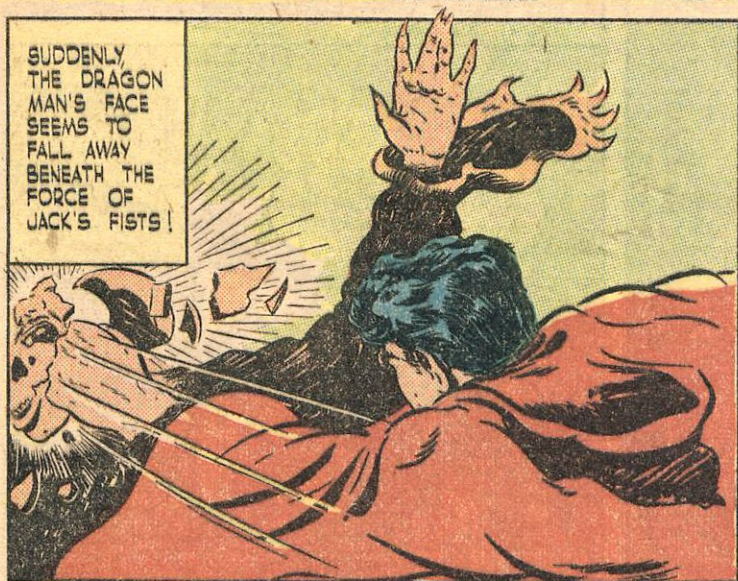
NANCY REVEALS THAT AN ESCAPE TUNNEL LEADS DIRECTLY TO THE AIRSTRIP, BUT —



WITH THE
LIGHTNING-LIKE
REFLEXES OF
HIS PERFECTLY
CONDITIONED
BODY, THE
ALL-AMERICAN
BOY ACTS
INSTANTLY—



SUDDENLY,
THE DRAGON
MAN'S FACE
SEEMS TO
FALL AWAY
BENEATH THE
FORCE OF
JACK'S FISTS!



GRAB
HIS GUN,
NANCY!



WELL, THERE'S YOUR GOLDEN
DRAGON! NONE OTHER THAN MY
OLD FRIEND PROFESSOR
PROTEUS—

THE MAN OF
A MILLION
FACES!



LET'S GET OUT
BEFORE THE GUARDS
ARRIVE!

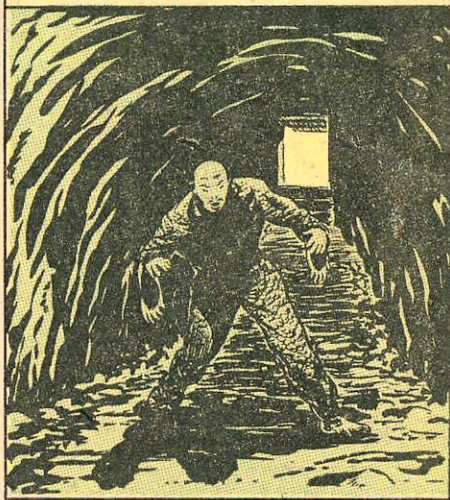
THIS WAY TO THE
TUNNEL—IT'S OUR
ONLY CHANCE!



SECONDS LATER, THE EVIL PROFESSOR STAGGERS TO HIS FEET —



— AND PURSUES JACK AND NANCY INTO THE DYNAMITED TUNNEL!



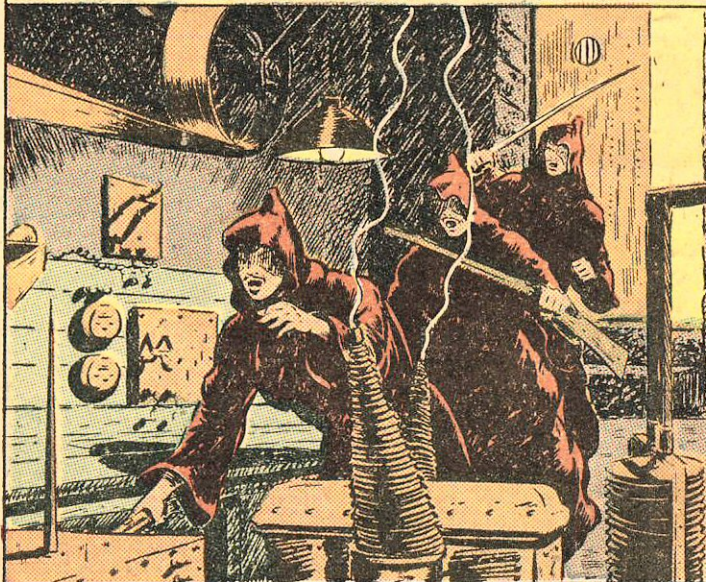
MEANWHILE, GUARDS ARRIVE AND FIND THEIR CAPTIVE GODDESS GONE —



THEY HOLD A QUICK CONFAB—THEN IN A DESPERATE EFFORT TO PREVENT HER ESCAPE —



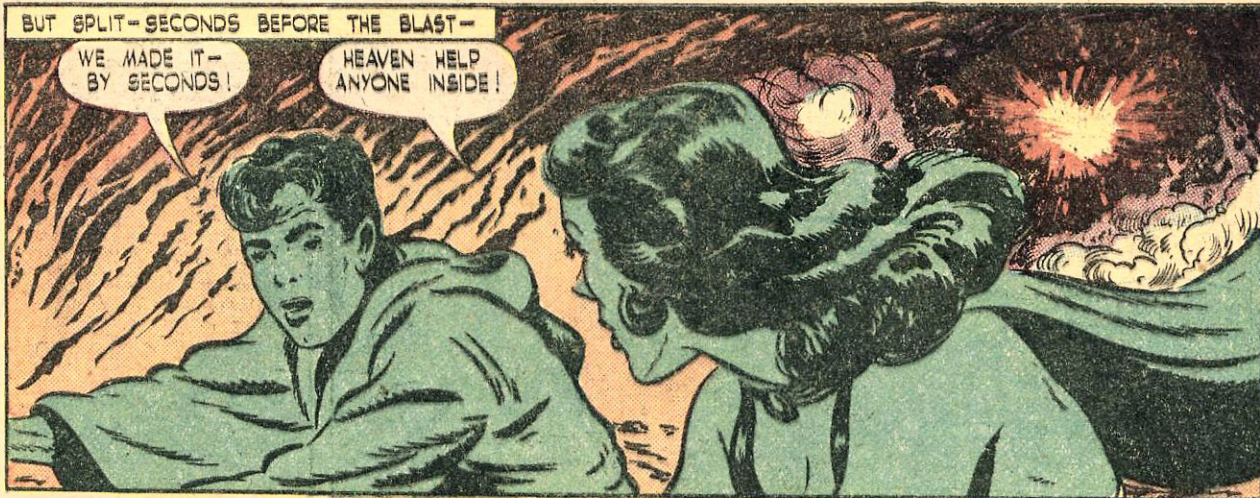
— THEY PULL THE SWITCH TO THE DYNAMITE—LADEN TUNNEL!



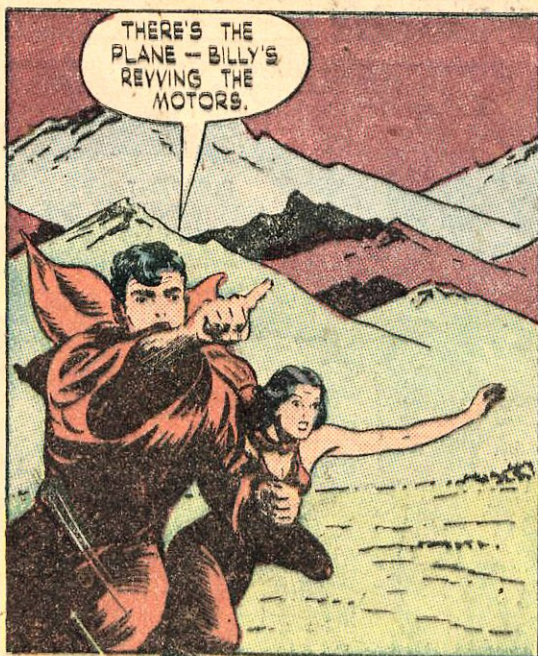
BUT SPLIT-SECONDS BEFORE THE BLAST—

WE MADE IT—
BY SECONDS!

HEAVEN HELP
ANYONE INSIDE!



THERE'S THE
PLANE — BILLY'S
REVVING THE
MOTORS.



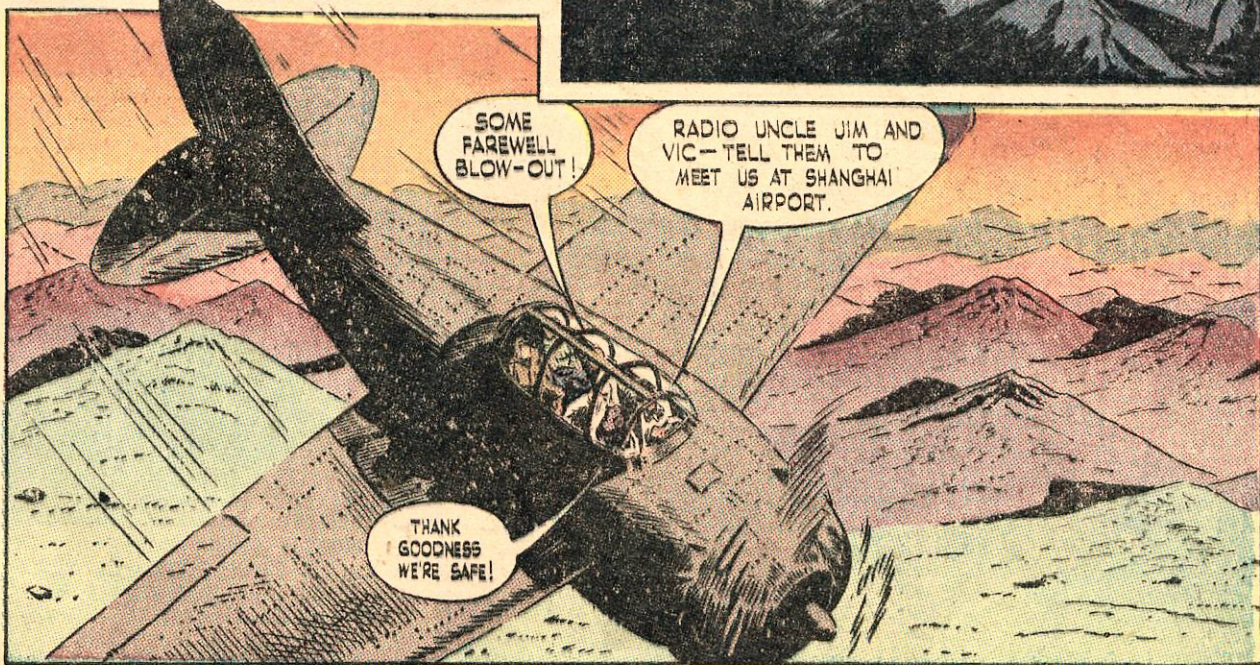
ALL ABOARD
FOR SHANGHAI!



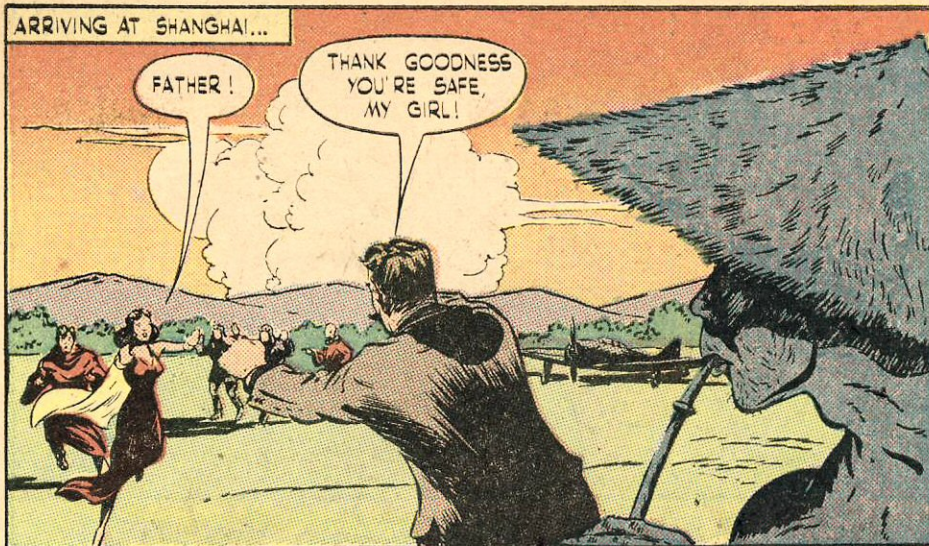
SOME
FAREWELL
BLOW-OUT!

RADIO UNCLE JIM AND
VIC—TELL THEM TO
MEET US AT SHANGHAI
AIRPORT.

THANK
GOODNESS
WE'RE SAFE!



ARRIVING AT SHANGHAI...



NANCY BLURTS OUT AN AMAZING STORY OF INTRIGUE AND TERROR! SHOT DOWN OVER TIBET BY THE GOLDEN DRAGON GANG, SHE WAS PASSED OFF ON THE SUPERSTITIOUS CULTISTS AS A WHITE GODDESS WHOSE COMMANDS THEY MUST OBEY. THUS THE GANG COMPELLED THE CULTISTS TO WORK THE GOLD MINE... WHILE NANCY WAS HELD CAPTIVE.

HOW CAN I REPAY YOU FOR RESCUING MY DAUGHTER FROM THOSE EVIL MEN?

WE COULD USE SOME NEW DUDS!



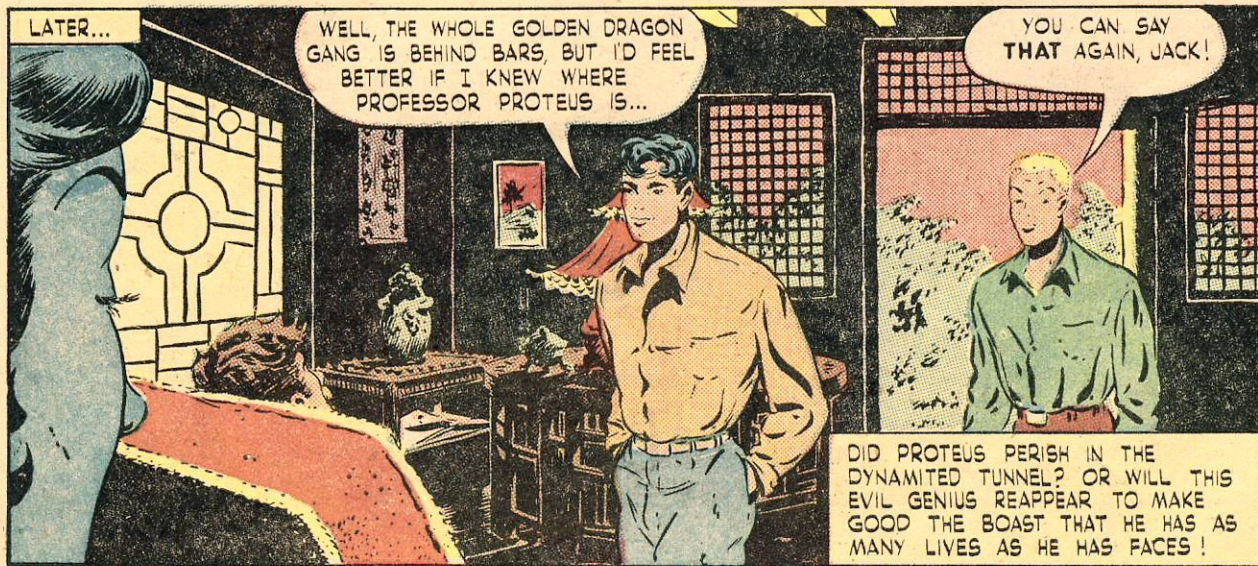
BUT FIRST WE MUST INTRODUCE OUR TWO FRIENDS TO THE SHANGHAI AUTHORITIES!



LATER...

WELL, THE WHOLE GOLDEN DRAGON GANG IS BEHIND BARS, BUT I'D FEEL BETTER IF I KNEW WHERE PROFESSOR PROTEUS IS...

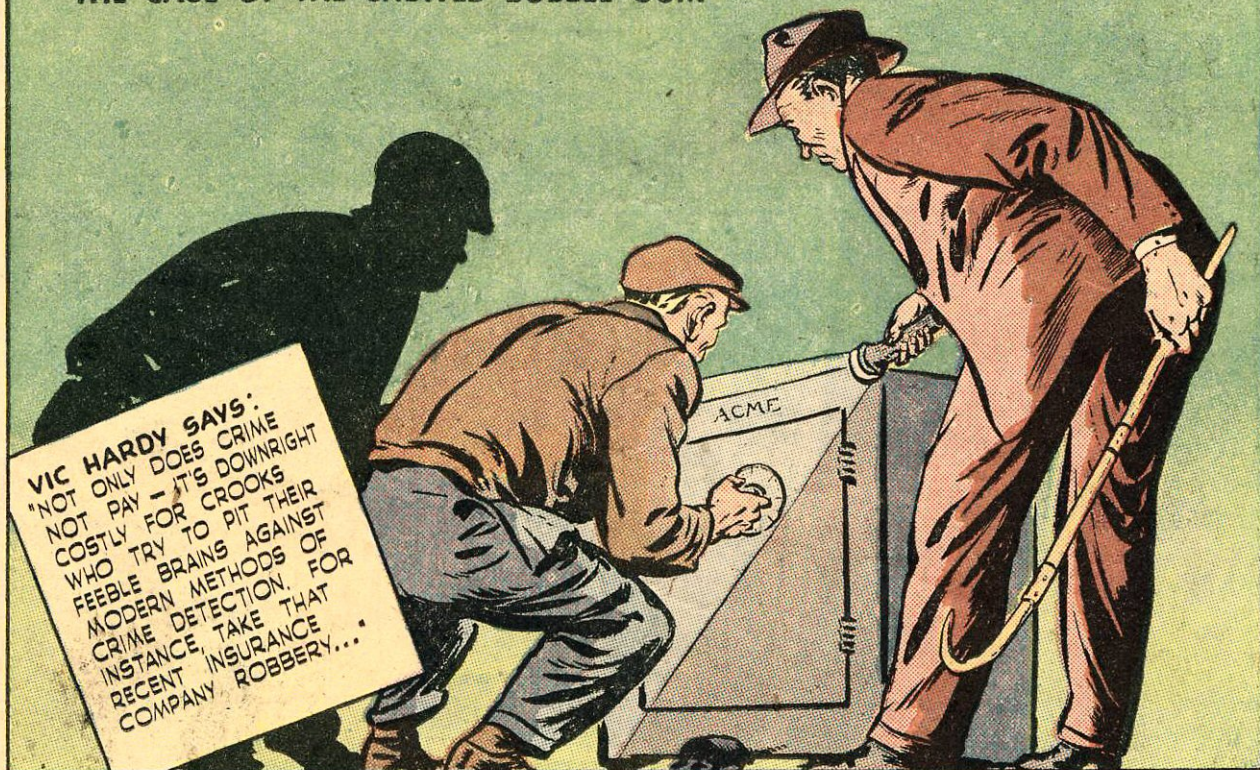
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN, JACK!



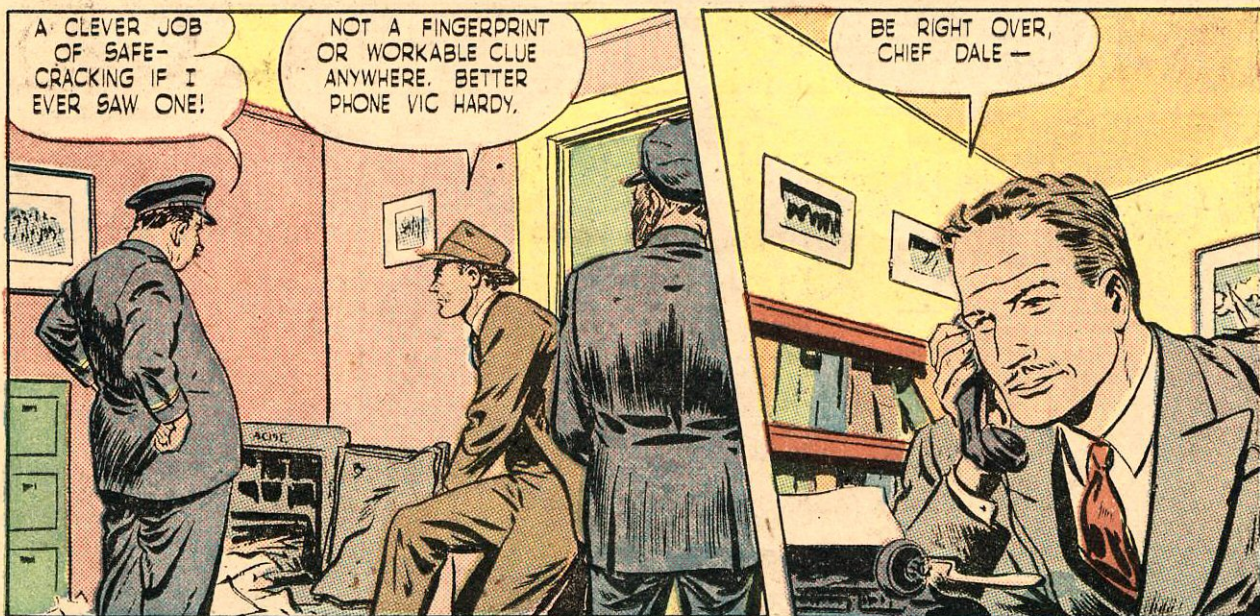
DID PROTEUS PERISH IN THE DYNAMITED TUNNEL? OR WILL THIS EVIL GENIUS REAPPEAR TO MAKE GOOD THE BOAST THAT HE HAS AS MANY LIVES AS HE HAS FACES!

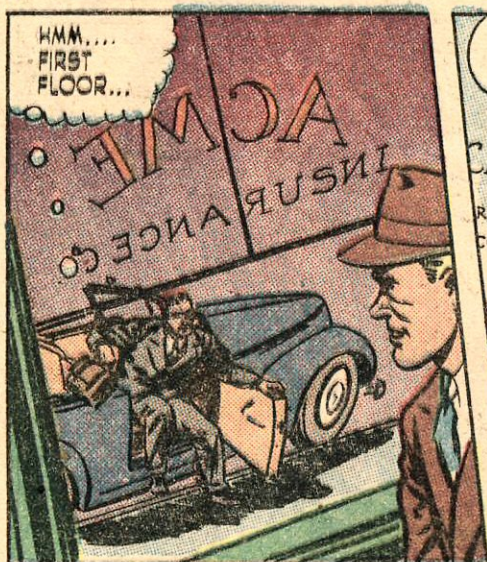
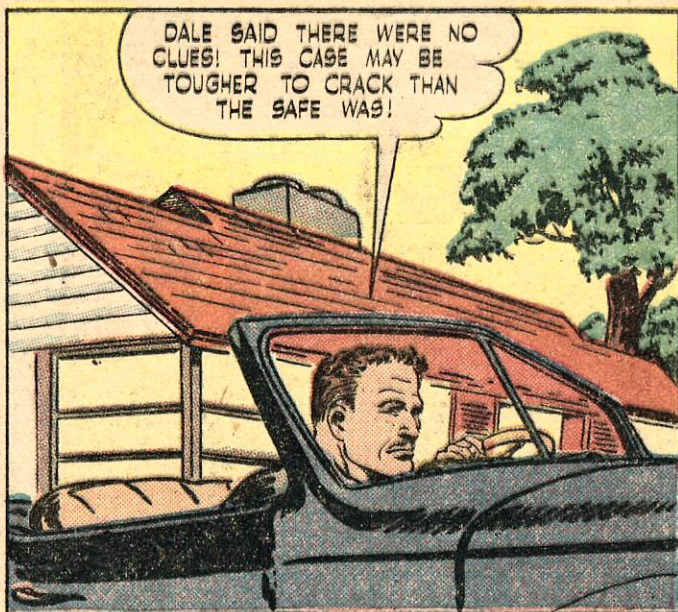
Vic Hardy's CRIME LAB

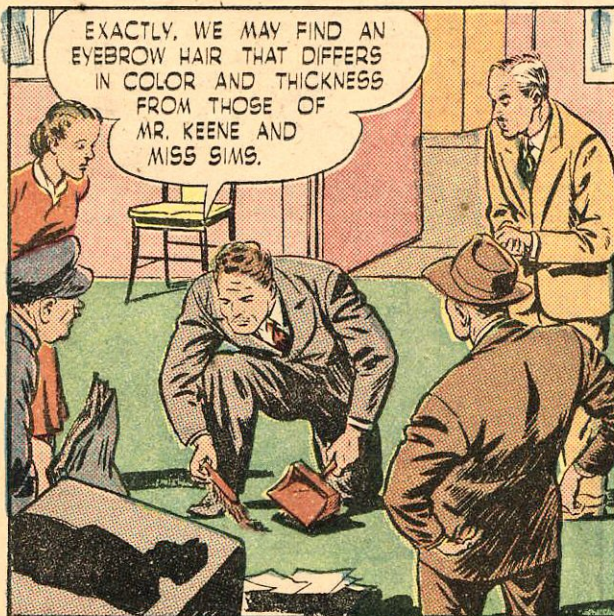
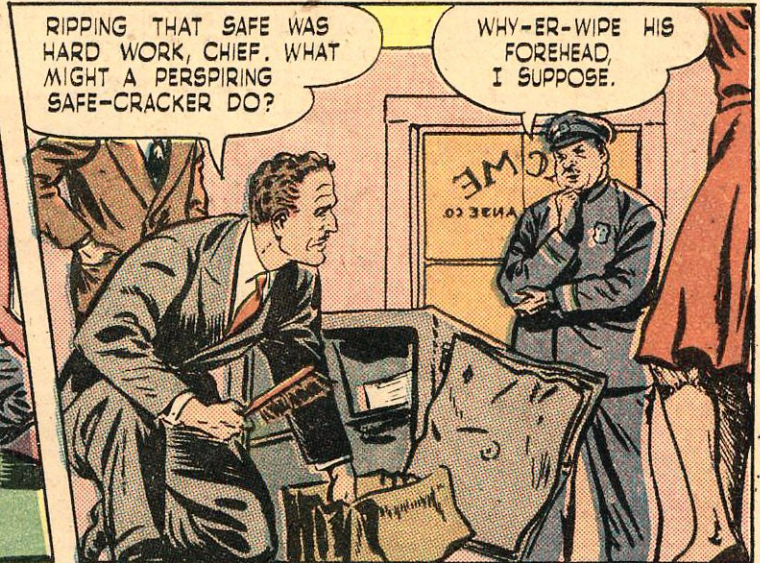
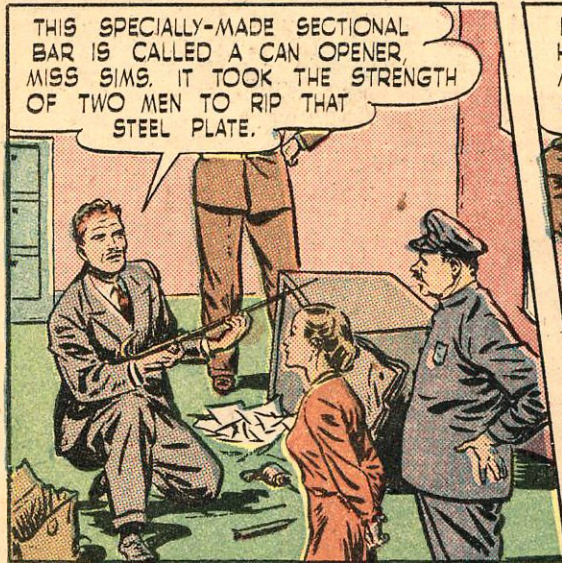
"THE CASE OF THE CHEWED BUBBLE GUM"



VIC HARDY SAYS:
"NOT ONLY DOES CRIME
NOT PAY — IT'S DOWNRIGHT
COSTLY FOR CROOKS
WHO TRY TO PIT THEIR
FEEBLE BRAINS AGAINST
MODERN METHODS OF
CRIME DETECTION.
FOR INSTANCE, TAKE THAT
RECENT INSURANCE
COMPANY ROBBERY..."



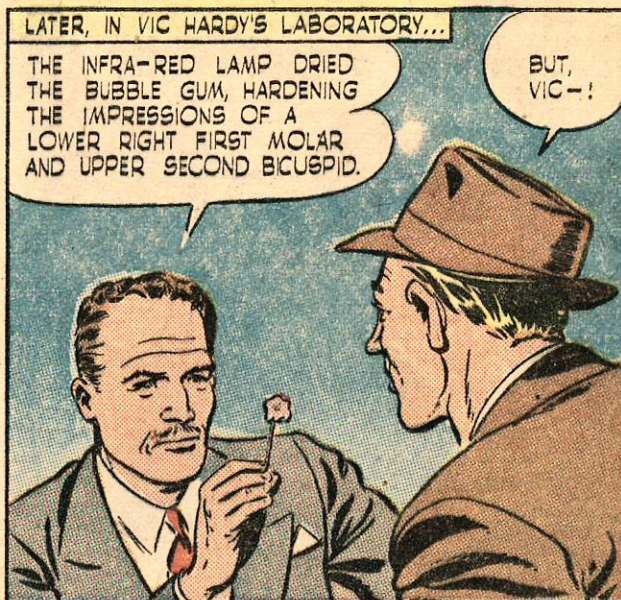






THE CROOKS DIDN'T LEAVE ANY CIGARETTE BUTTS, BUT I'VE FOUND WHAT MAY BE A BETTER CLUE. ASK KEENE AND MISS SIMS IF THEY CHEW BUBBLE GUM.

WHAT!



LATER, IN VIC HARDY'S LABORATORY...

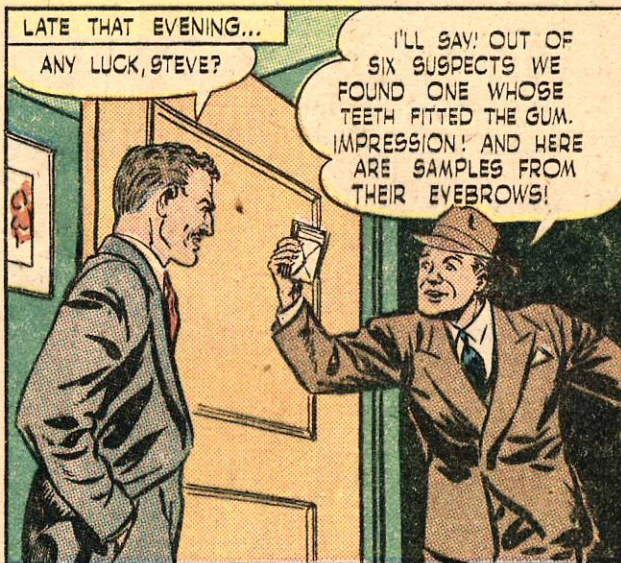
THE INFRA-RED LAMP DRIED THE BUBBLE GUM, HARDENING THE IMPRESSIONS OF A LOWER RIGHT FIRST MOLAR AND UPPER SECOND BICUSPID.

BUT, VIC—!



SIMPLY PLACE THE HARDENED GUM ON EACH SUSPECT'S TEETH UNTIL YOU FIND WHOSE MOLAR AND BICUSPID MATCH THE IMPRESSION.

THAT'S ALMOST AS GOOD AS A FINGERPRINT!



LATE THAT EVENING... ANY LUCK, STEVE?

I'LL SAY! OUT OF SIX SUSPECTS WE FOUND ONE WHOSE TEETH FITTED THE GUM. IMPRESSION! AND HERE ARE SAMPLES FROM THEIR EYEBROWS!



THIS ONE CHECKS WITH THE HAIR TAKEN FROM THE FLOOR. WHOM DOES IT BELONG TO, STEVE?

RIP MALLON, A PAROLED SAFE-CRACKER. AND THE BUBBLE GUM TEST POINTS TO HIS PAL, PUG TRAVIS. I'LL PHONE CHIEF DALE.



I HELD THE PHONE WHILE THE CHIEF TOLD THEM WHAT YOU FOUND, VIC. THEY BROKE DOWN AND ARE CONFESSING!

THAT GUM REALLY STUCK THEM, DIDN'T IT, INSPECTOR!

NEXT ISSUE, VIC HARDY SOLVES "THE CASE OF THE TELLTALE BULLET!"

1,112 PRIZES

LIKE THIS IN EASY NEW WHEATIES CONTEST!

WIN ONE OF THESE
Admiral
RADIO-
PHONOGRAPHS



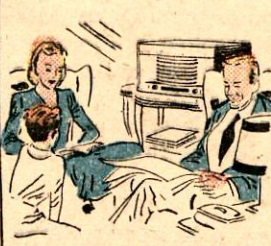
They'll all come to YOUR house!



Have fun playing records!



Radio-phonograph all your OWN!



YOU can treat Mom and Pop!

JUST PICK A NAME FOR THIS
Admiral RADIO-PHONOGRAPH!

Follow easy contest rules. Just choose a name! Remember how they name new models of cars, etc. For this Admiral Radio-Phonograph Combination, you might pick the name "Fun-Maker," or "Record Champ," or "Music King." Easy to do.

First thing you think of may win you one of these 1112 Admiral Radio-Phonograph Combinations. More than \$111,000 worth offered in this contest!

Send several entries. Get Mom and Pop to help. Try Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions," with milk and fruit. Include one Wheaties boxtop with each entry. Entries must be postmarked by midnight Sunday, Dec. 7, 1947, and received by Dec. 29, 1947. Don't miss out. Mail an entry today!

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are trade marks of

General Mills, Inc.



this Admiral Radio-Phonograph Combination is actually \$100.45!

1. **Combination Radio-Phonograph!** You get a radio *plus* a record player, in one machine.

2. **With Automatic Record Changer!** Plays twelve 10" or ten 12" records—only 5 seconds to change.

3. **Expensive model!** Mfr's. current retail list price for

4. **Keen looking!** Modern walnut veneer cabinet, full 17" wide, 17 $\frac{7}{8}$ " deep, and 12 $\frac{3}{4}$ " high.

5. **Easy on your records!** Light tone arm. Precious Jewel Needle.

EASY CONTEST RULES

1. Think of a name for this Admiral radio-phonograph.
2. Print the name you choose on entry blank or one side of a plain sheet of paper. Add your own name and complete address.
3. Mail your entry, together with the top of a Wheaties package, to Wheaties, Dept. J, Box 8440, Chicago, Ill.
4. All entries must be postmarked on or before midnight, Sunday, December 7, 1947, and received by December 29, 1947.
5. Send as many entries as you wish, but include a Wheaties box top with each entry. All entries be-

come property of General Mills, Inc. 6. Contest will be judged on the basis of aptness, uniqueness and originality by Professor Lloyd D. Herrold of Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill, and his decision will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. Mail a stamped, self-addressed envelope to General Mills, Inc., Department 280, Minneapolis 2, Minnesota, for list of winners.

7. Contest open to all residents of the United States, its territories and possessions, except employees of General Mills, Inc. and Knox Reeves Advertising, Inc.

HURRY! CLIP AND MAIL TODAY!

Wheaties, Dept. J
Box 8440, Chicago, Ill.

PLEASE PRINT

I enclose one Wheaties boxtop. The name I choose for this Admiral Radio-Phonograph Combination is: _____

My Name _____

Street Address _____

City _____ State _____

When writing to advertisers, please mention JACK ARMSTRONG.

JACK ARMSTRONG MAGAZINE

ALL-AMERICAN AWARD

Based on information from the American Red Cross



JAMES WAGNER
Marion, Ohio



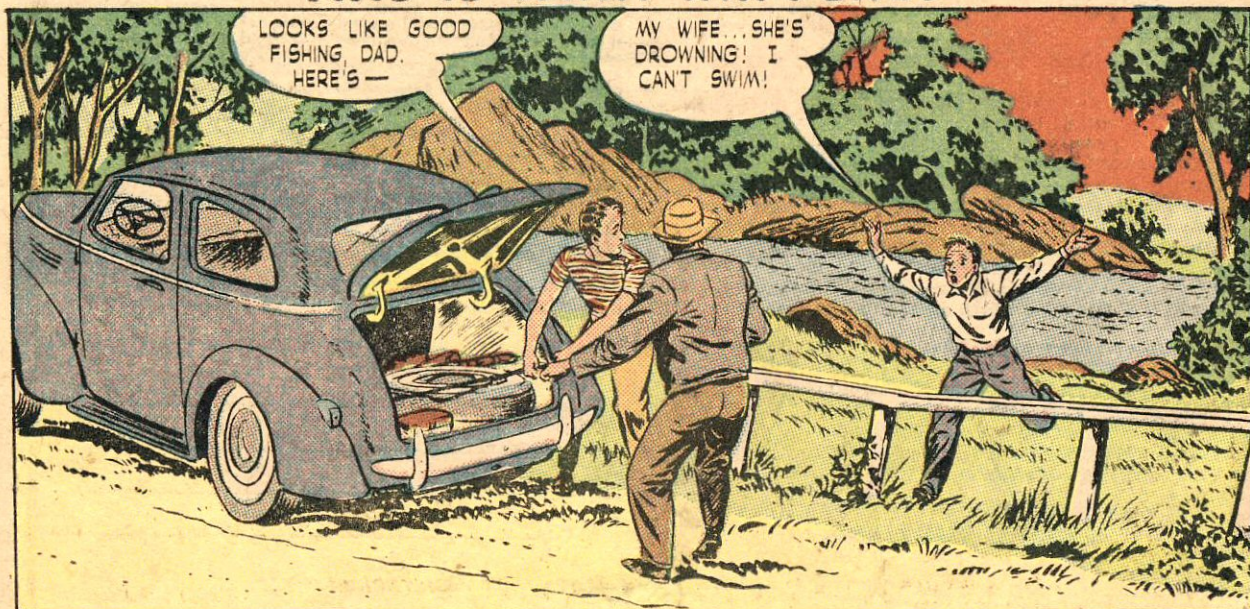
"To be eligible . . . the applicant must have . . ." that's how the American Red Cross application for a Certificate of Merit begins. This month's winner of the JACK ARMSTRONG ALL-AMERICAN AWARD not only meets all the qualifications . . . he goes them one better. He's eighteen-year-old James Wagner of Marion, Ohio, hero of a magnificent river-rescue.

When asked about his reactions to the experience that wins him the medal as well as the privilege of presenting a shut-in youngster with one year's subscription to the JACK ARMSTRONG ADVENTURE MAGAZINE, James said, "I am thankful that I knew what to do."

A senior at St. Mary High School and lifeguard at Crystal Lake at the time of the incident, James passed his Junior Red Cross Life Saving tests in 1944, and has assisted his local Red Cross chapter in water safety classes ever since.

Last year on a tour of western states, James and his father, Dr. A. J. Wagner, stopped to fish along the Gallatin River, thirty miles from Bozeman, Montana.

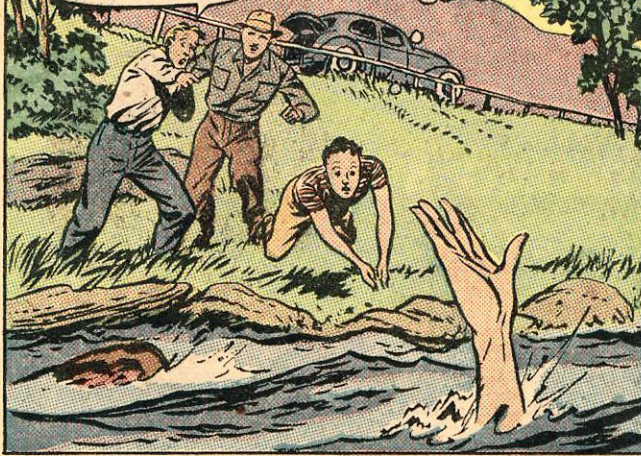
THIS IS WHAT HAPPENED-



RUSHING TO THE RIVER...

SHE SLIPPED AND STRUCK A ROCK AS SHE FELL INTO THE RIVER!

SHE'S PRETTY FAR GONE... NOT A SECOND TO LOSE.



THE BUFFETING TORRENT DASHED JAMES AGAINST A ROCK.

I'VE GOT HER HAND... SHE MUSTN'T SLIP OUT OF MY GRASP AGAIN!

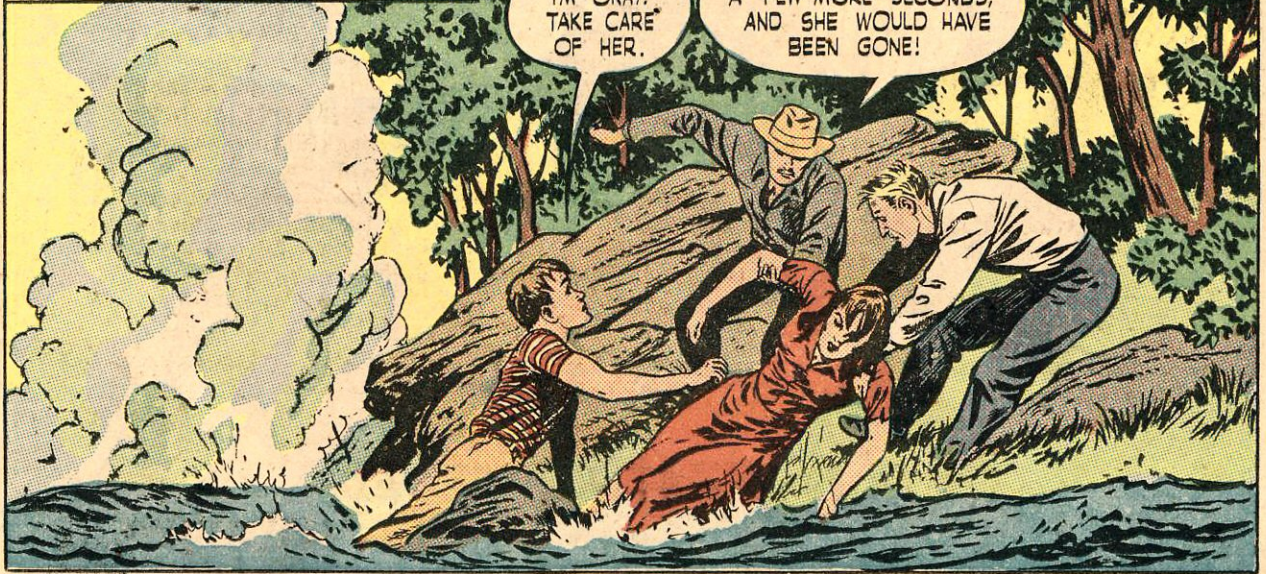


DREAD RAPIDS SWEEPED THEM DOWNRIVER —

UNTIL...ONLY TEN FEET FROM THE FALLS...

I'M OKAY. TAKE CARE OF HER.

A FEW MORE SECONDS, AND SHE WOULD HAVE BEEN GONE!



PULLED FROM THE WATER, MRS. GLEN BARNES OF CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, WAS NO LONGER BREATHING.

SHE'S BADLY BATTERED, BUT THERE ARE NO BROKEN BONES.

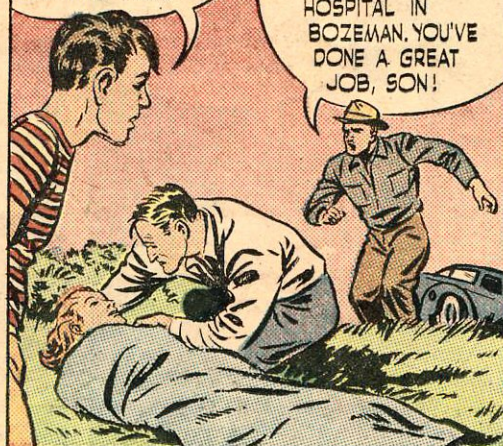
ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION WILL BRING HER AROUND!



TEN MINUTES LATER...

HER BREATHING'S REGULAR. SHE'LL BE FINE NOW.

I'VE SENT FOR ANOTHER DOCTOR TO GET HER TO THE HOSPITAL IN BOZEMAN. YOU'VE DONE A GREAT JOB, SON!

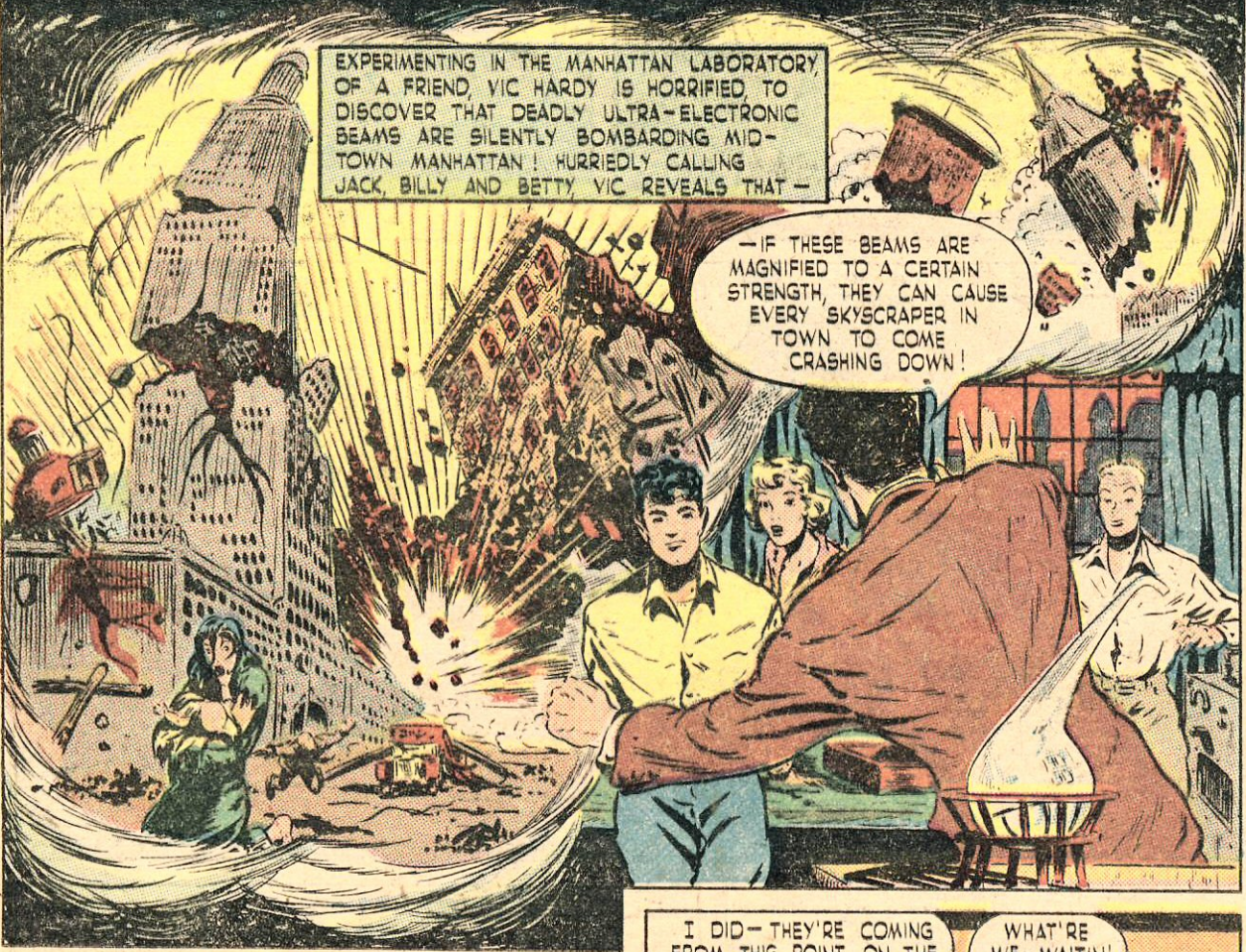


WINNER OF THE RED CROSS CERTIFICATE OF MERIT, JAMES WAGNER BECOMES THIS MONTH'S WINNER OF THE JACK ARMSTRONG MAGAZINE. ALL-AMERICAN AWARD.




MYSTERY MANHATTAN

A NEW JACK ARMSTRONG ADVENTURE




EXPERIMENTING IN THE MANHATTAN LABORATORY, OF A FRIEND, VIC HARDY IS HORRIFIED TO DISCOVER THAT DEADLY ULTRA-ELECTRONIC BEAMS ARE SILENTLY BOMBARDING MID-TOWN MANHATTAN! HURRIEDLY CALLING JACK, BILLY AND BETTY, VIC REVEALS THAT —

—IF THESE BEAMS ARE MAGNIFIED TO A CERTAIN STRENGTH, THEY CAN CAUSE EVERY SKYSCRAPER IN TOWN TO COME CRASHING DOWN!

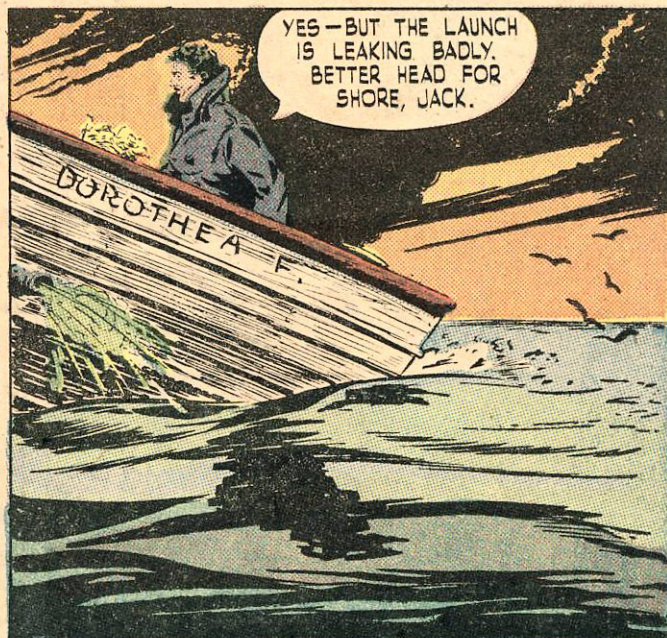
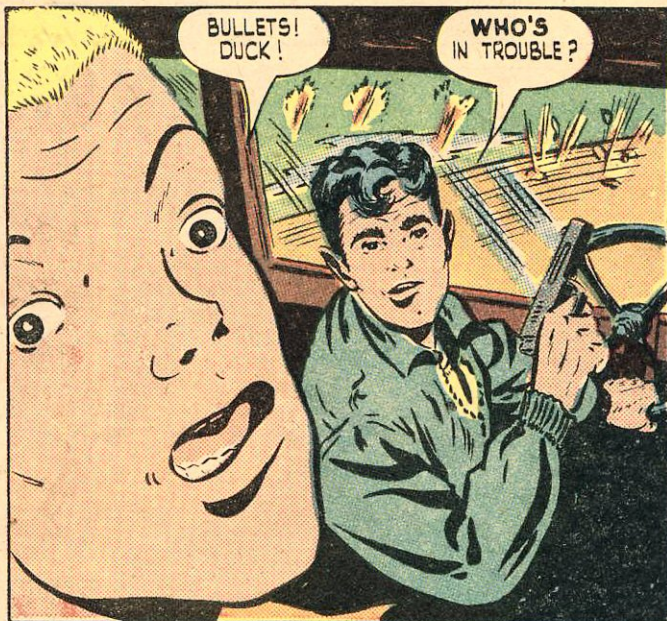
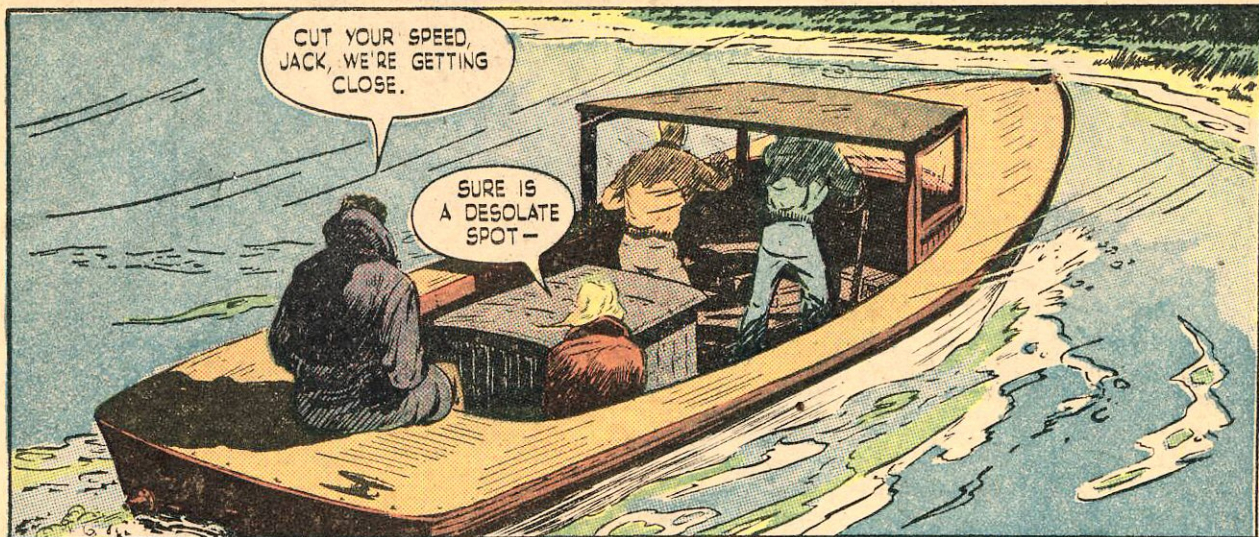


CAN'T YOU GET A "FIX" ON THOSE BEAMS—LOCATE THEIR SOURCE?



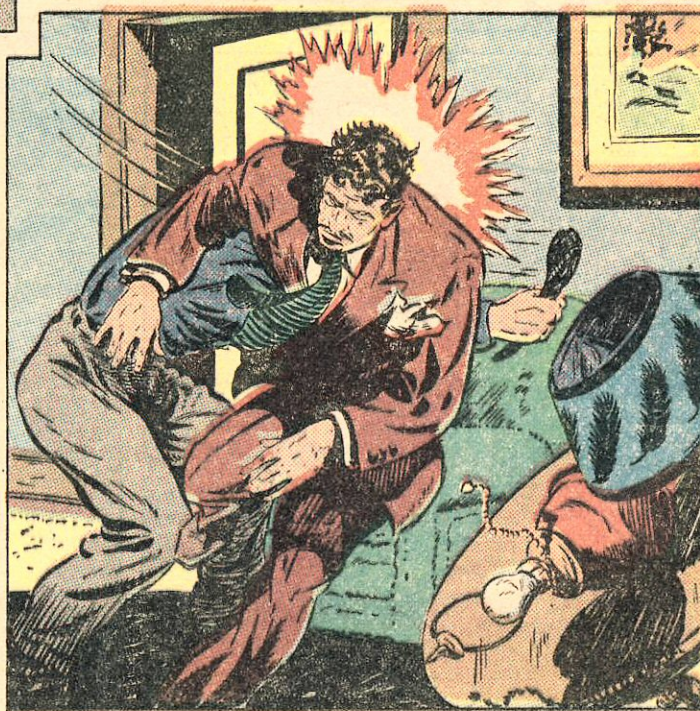
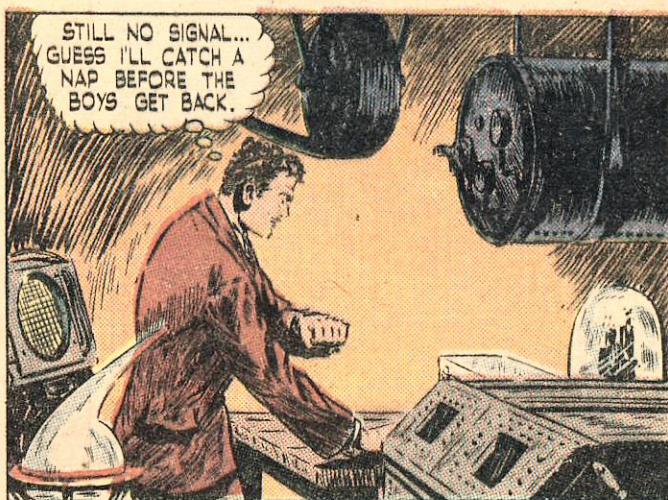
I DID—THEY'RE COMING FROM THIS POINT ON THE LONG ISLAND SHORE.

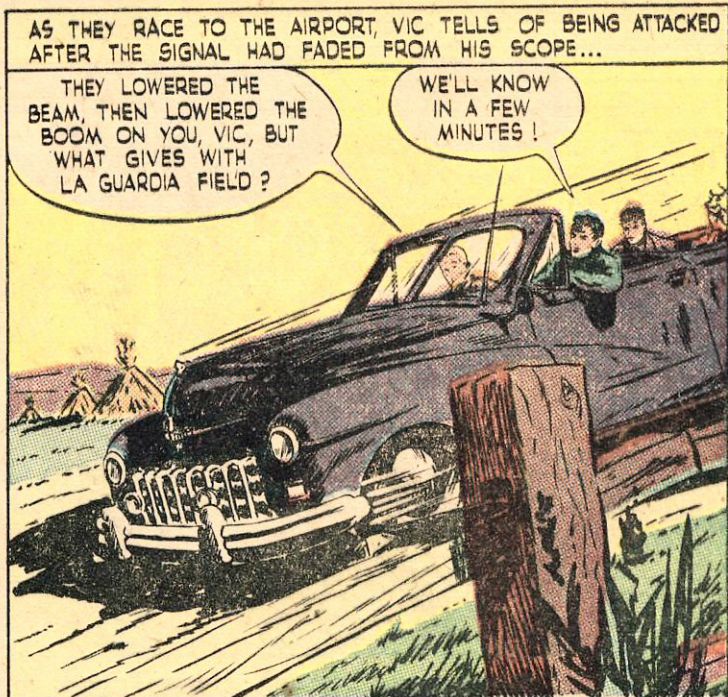
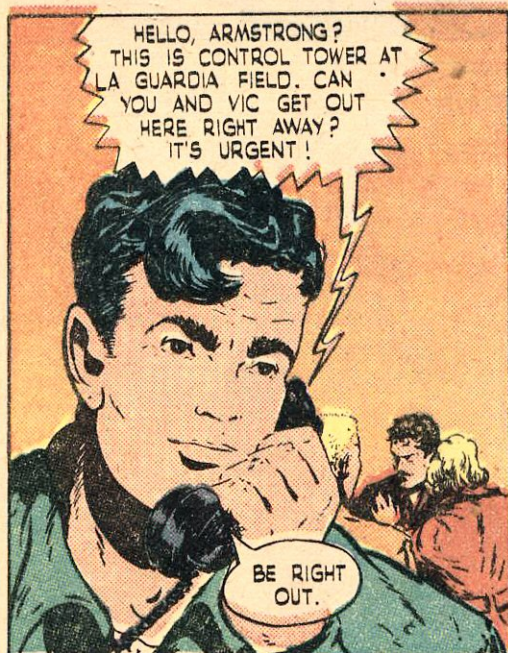
WHAT'RE WE WAITIN' FOR?

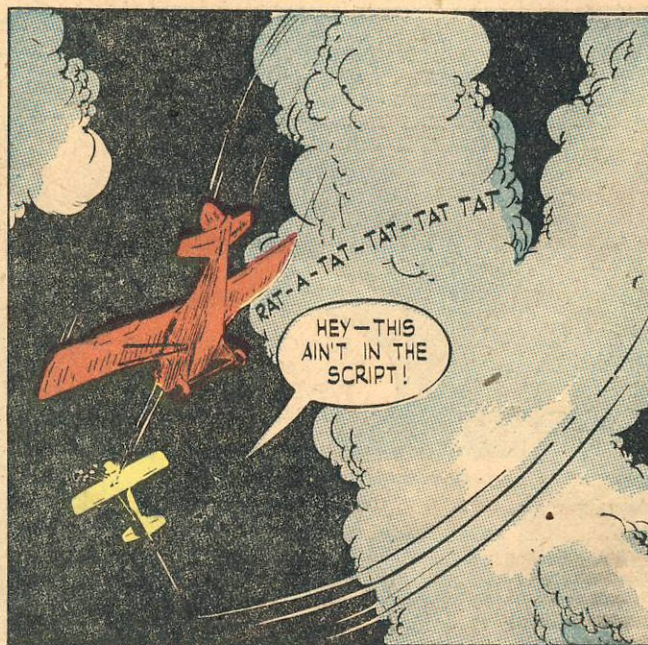
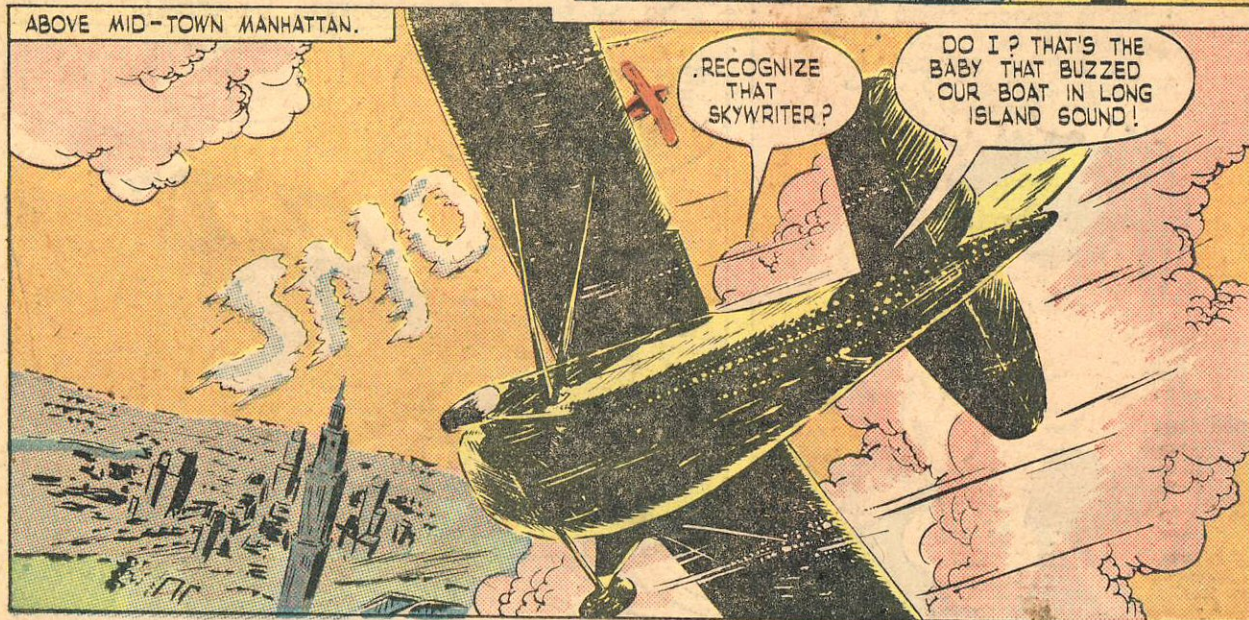
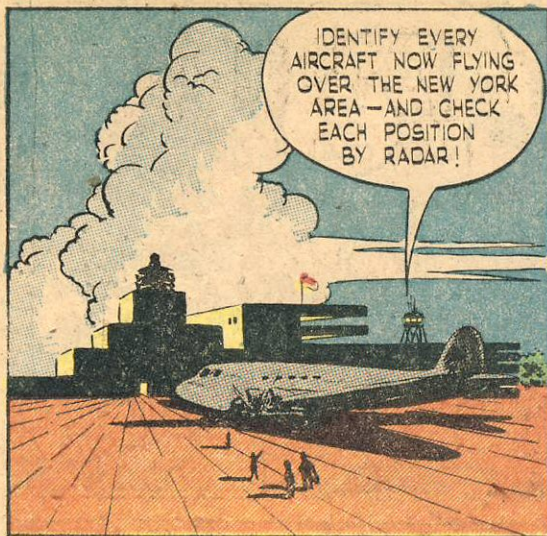


WHILE JACK AND BILLY REPAIR THE DAMAGED LAUNCH, VIC HURRIES BACK TO THE LAB. HE IS STARTLED TO FIND THAT—

THE BEAMS ARE GETTING STRONGER— AND THEY'RE COMING FROM A DIFFERENT DIRECTION!

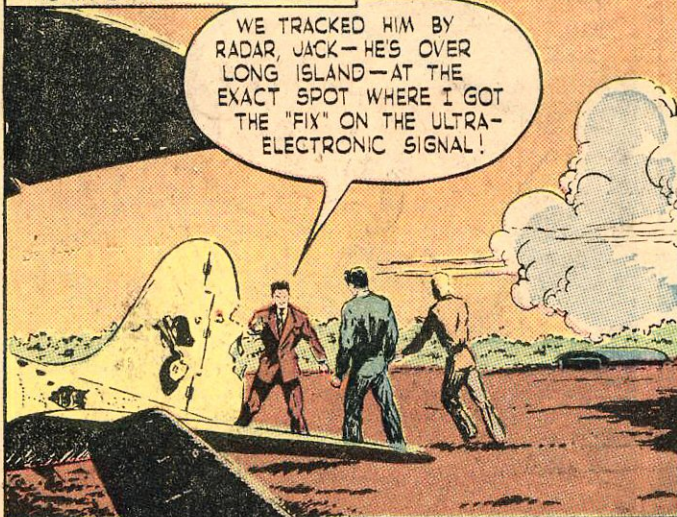






THEIR FUSELAGE RIDDLED BY THE VICIOUS ATTACK, JACK AND BILLY ARE FORCED TO RETURN TO THE AIRPORT. VIC INFORMS THEM THAT—

WE TRACKED HIM BY RADAR, JACK—HE'S OVER LONG ISLAND—AT THE EXACT SPOT WHERE I GOT THE "FIX" ON THE ULTRA-ELECTRONIC SIGNAL!



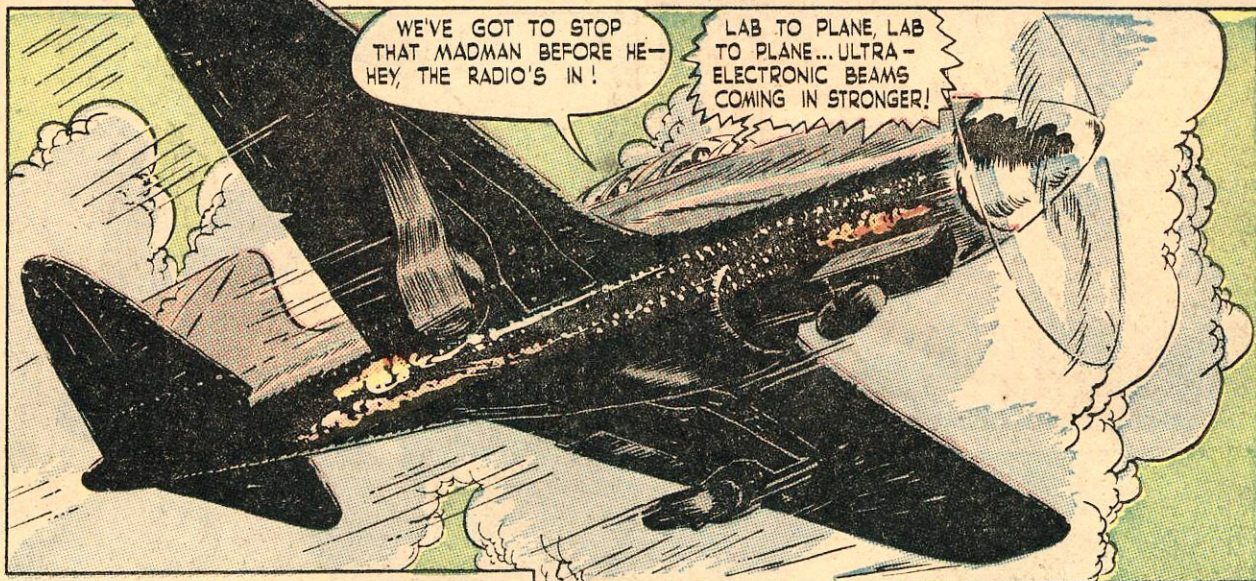
GET ME A FIGHTER PLANE— I'M GOING AFTER HIM FOR KEEPS!

HERE WE GO AGAIN, FOLKS!

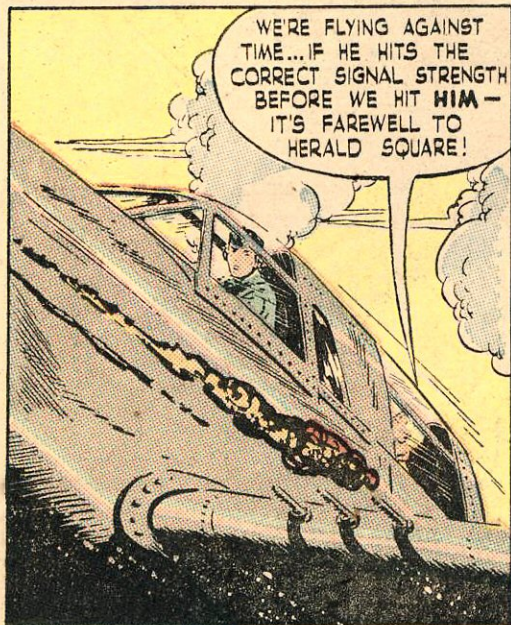


WE'VE GOT TO STOP THAT MADMAN BEFORE HE— HEY, THE RADIO'S IN!

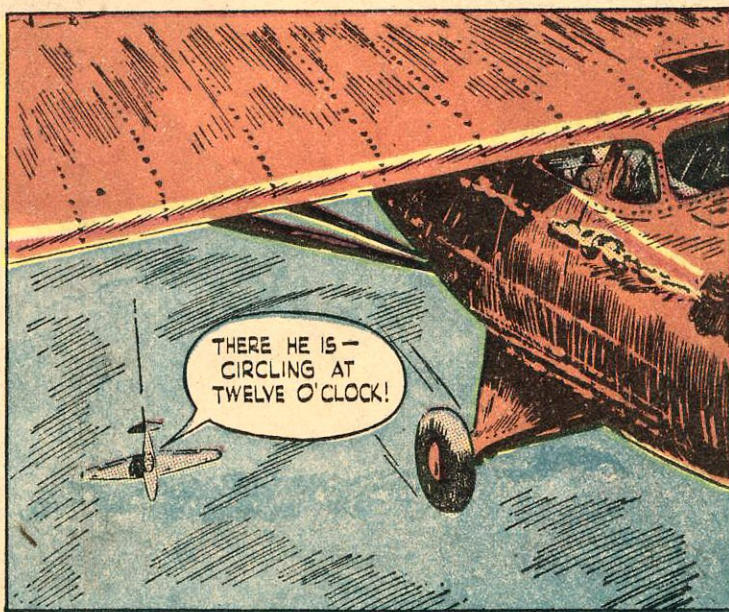
LAB TO PLANE, LAB TO PLANE...ULTRA-ELECTRONIC BEAMS COMING IN STRONGER!

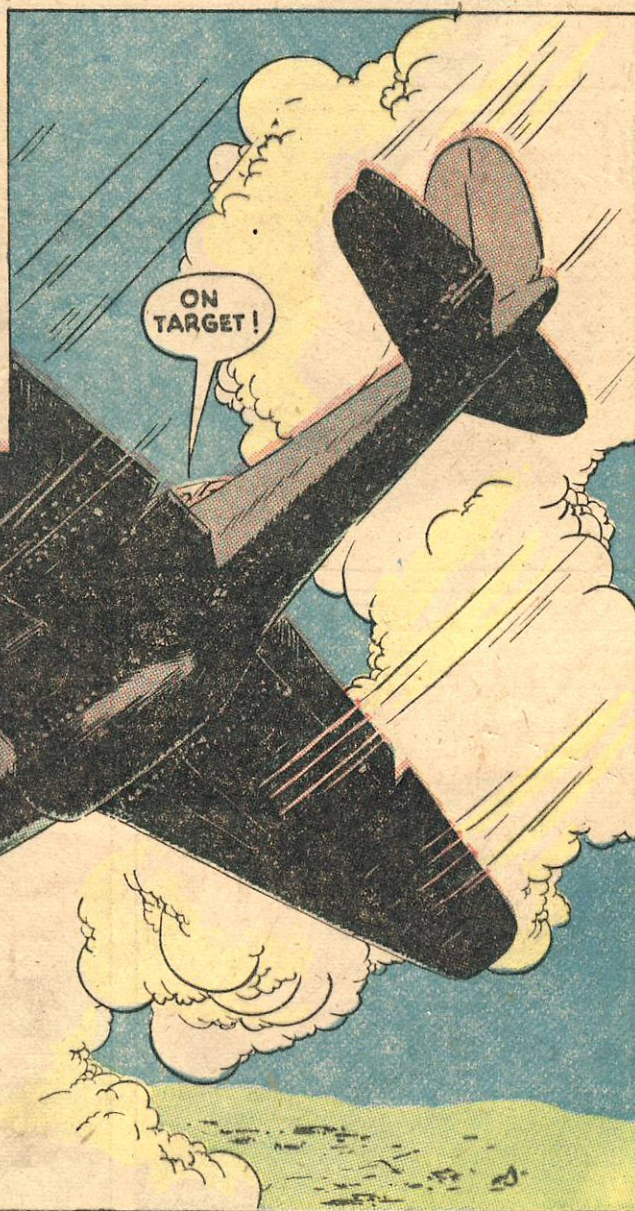
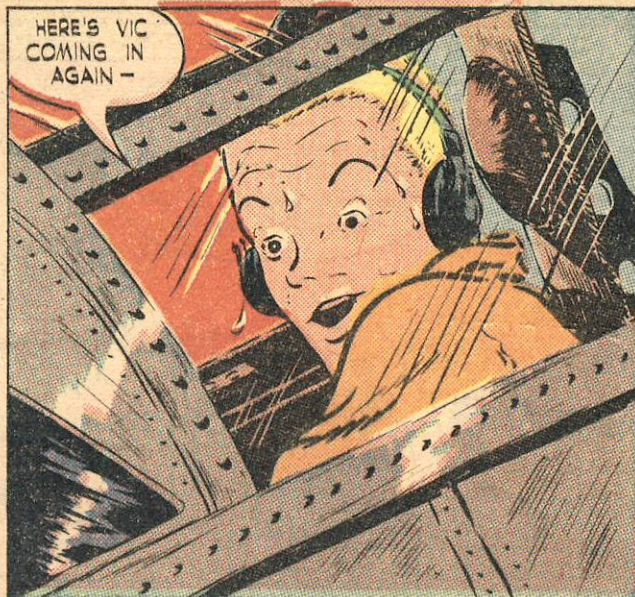


WE'RE FLYING AGAINST TIME...IF HE HITS THE CORRECT SIGNAL STRENGTH BEFORE WE HIT HIM— IT'S FAREWELL TO HERALD SQUARE!

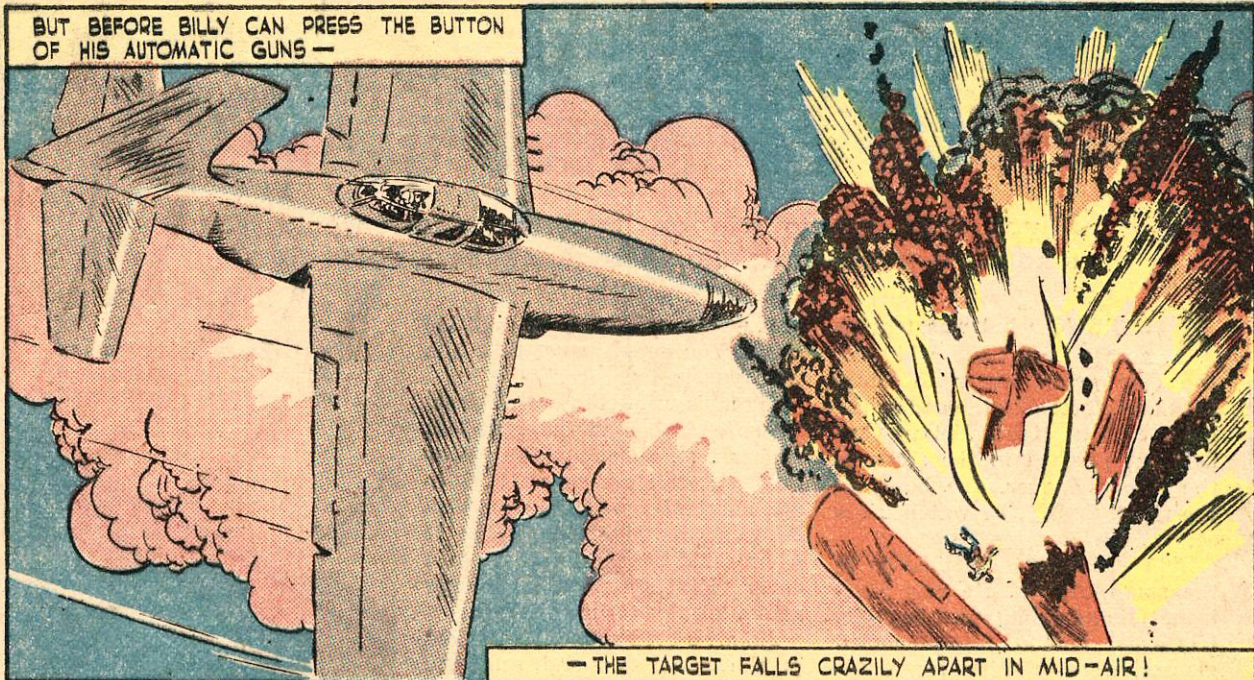


THERE HE IS— CIRCLING AT TWELVE O'CLOCK!

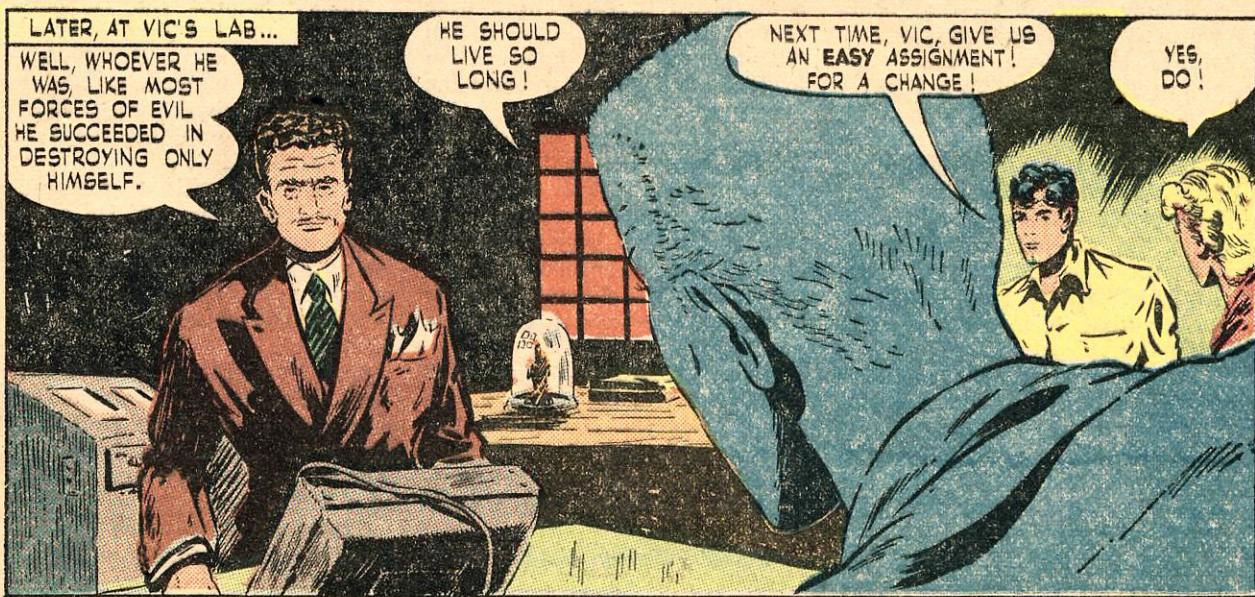
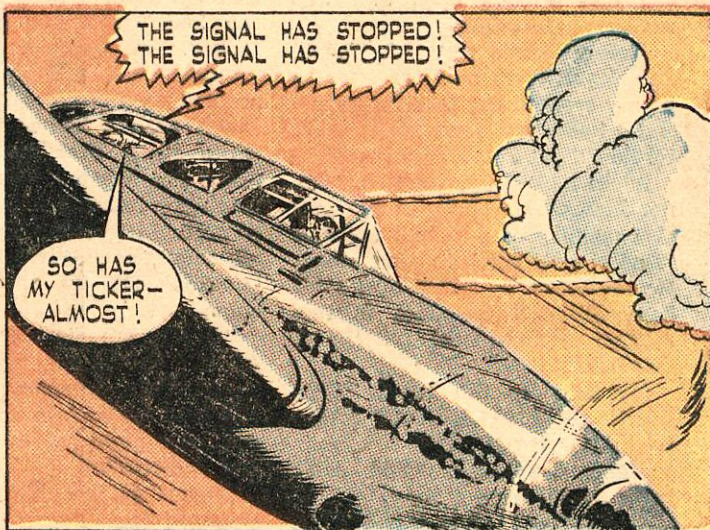




BUT BEFORE BILLY CAN PRESS THE BUTTON
OF HIS AUTOMATIC GUNS —



—THE TARGET FALLS CRAZILY APART IN MID-AIR!



EAGER BEAVER

If you were out to win an important race, would you take on a book-readin' landlubber as your one-man crew?

A STRONG wind was tearing across Loon Lake, whipping the cold green water to white caps and stretching the sail of the little catboat tight. Jimmy Corbett sat perched in the stern of the *Eager Beaver*, one hand on the tiller. Sourly, he watched his cousin, Alvin.

Alvin was squatted amidships in the small cockpit. He was fourteen, tall and skinny as a flagpole. His eyes, behind heavy-rimmed glasses, were owlishly large. Alvin had a book open and was reading industriously.

Jimmy leaned forward. "Look, Alvin, you were swell to offer to be my crew in the race Saturday. But I know you don't really want to. So I'll get Jeff Moore instead."

Alvin looked up, startled. "Oh, no, James." He spoke in the precise manner of a school teacher. "I will be delighted to come along. Furthermore, by Saturday I shall have digested the data in this manual and will be an expert mariner."

He held up the book, "THE A.B.C. OF SMALL-BOAT SAILING AND RACING."

Jimmy exploded. "You can't learn to sail from a book!"

"I disagree," Alvin said quietly.

Jimmy snorted. So that book-worm Alvin thought the way to win the big catboat race on Saturday could be found in a book!

Ever since Jimmy had built the *Eager Beaver* with his dad's help, he had dreamed of beating rich-kid Nick Powell's fancy, high-priced *Mermaid* and coping the catboat championship. And the race had seemed in the bag, too. That is, until this landlubber Alvin had shown up. But with him aboard...

Jimmy scowled. His mother's inviting Alvin to spend a month at their summer cottage on Loon Lake was bad enough. But on top of that she had sided against her own son when Jimmy had protested taking Alvin as crew.

"Now, Jimmy," she'd said. "Al-

vin wants to learn to sail so much. You simply must take him with you in the race."

Jimmy's thoughts were black. He sure was behind the eight-ball. Unless... suddenly, the *Eager Beaver's* thirteen-year-old skipper sat bolt upright as an idea burst across his brain. What if Alvin could be scared so hard he'd never want to look at water again, let alone sail on it?

Jimmy's eyes shone. He yanked in the mainsheet and sent the *Eager Beaver* lickety-split down the long triangular course. He tacked. He jibbed. He went around number one buoy and scooted up the second leg like a rabbit with a hot foot. He shot white spray over the bow and green water over the coaming. He reached number two marker, jibbed around it so violently that only his shout saved Alvin from being knocked flat by the swinging boom.

"Sailing sure is scary, isn't it, Alvin?" Jimmy said innocently.

But Alvin, drenched with spray, still held his book in his hand and somehow managed to look calm and undisturbed.

Jimmy gritted his teeth and slammed the *Eager Beaver* on a starboard tack to swing wide around the left side of Indian Island for the run home. Alvin lowered his book and watched the maneuver.

"Why not proceed to the right, James, between the island and the mainland?" Alvin pointed to the narrow channel of water that separated Indian Island from the shore. "Our mathematics books tell us that the shortest distance between two points is a straight line."

Jimmy closed his eyes and counted to ten. On top of everything, Alvin was committing the unpardonable sin of questioning the skipper's judgment and quoting from a book to back himself up.

"Sure," Jimmy said acidly.

By CHARLES SPAIN VERRAL
Author of the prize-winning story, "Miracle Quarterback"



"We'd save five minutes. But the trouble is—we can't!"

"Why not?"

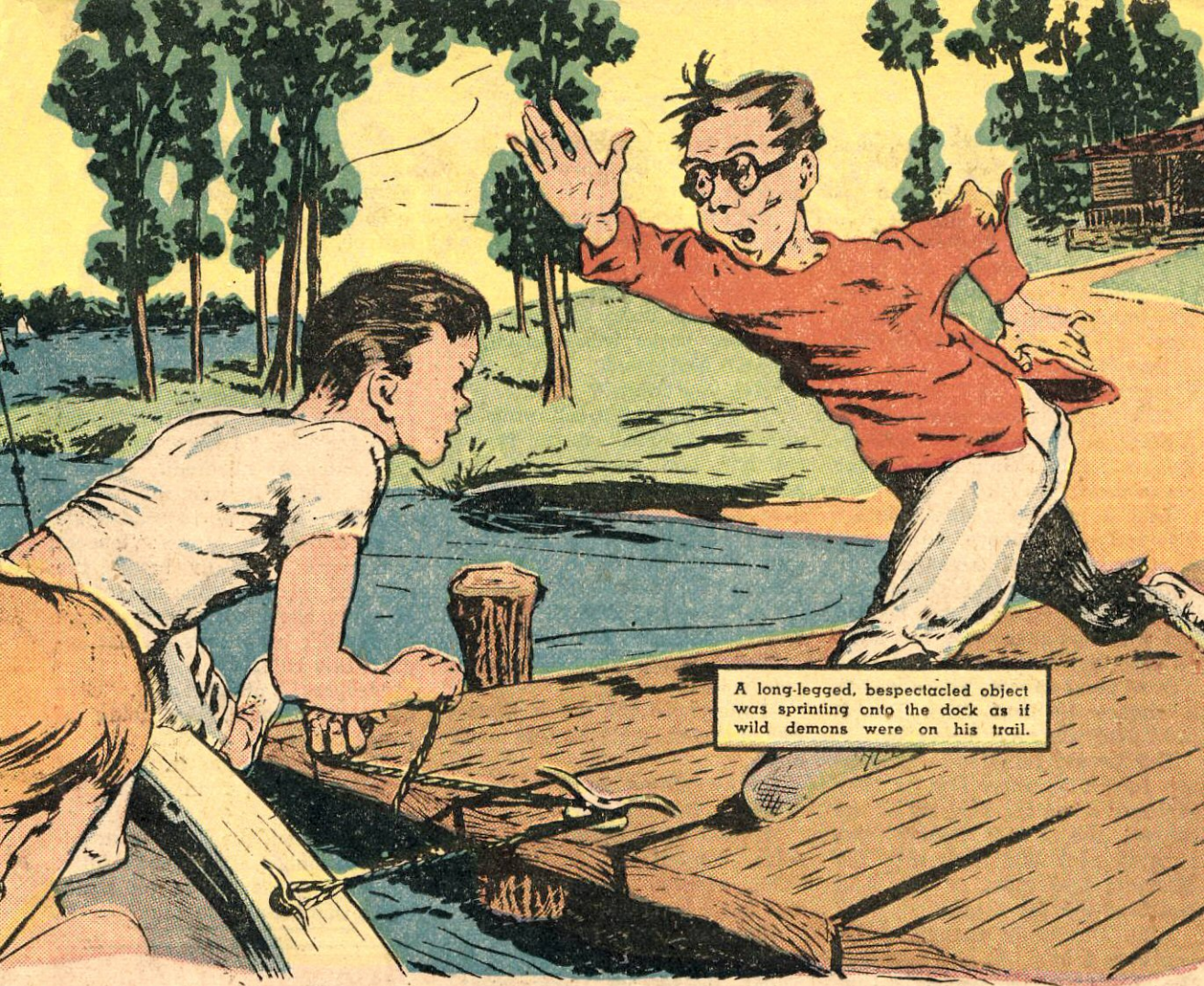
"Rocks!" Jimmy said triumphantly. "Just below the surface. And they're plenty sharp. If we tried to sail over 'em we'd rip the bottom clean out."

Jimmy pointed the catboat's prow for the left of the island and sailed for home. The sun was hot but his thoughts were hotter. So Alvin wouldn't scare, huh? Well, there were other ways to discourage him...

In the days that followed, Jimmy tried them all. He made Alvin swab the *Eager Beaver* from stem to stern. He made him pump out the bilge. He got him to wash the sail and varnish the mast.

Far from being discouraged, Alvin took it all in stride. He even went so far as to read Jimmy several passages from the manual on the care and upkeep of a sailing boat!

Friday afternoon—the day before the race—Jimmy admitted



defeat. There was only one thing to do. Get Alvin out on the lake and try to teach him as many sailing tricks as possible.

But Alvin refused to go. He was seated beside the radio in the living room of the cottage. Newspapers from three days back were spread out on a table and he was working with a pencil on a pad of paper.

"I am too busy planning our strategy for the race, James," he said. "I cannot accompany you now."

Jimmy opened his mouth to sound off when Alvin cut him short, "I must hear the radio. The weather reports are most interesting today."

Jimmy stormed out of the cottage. Books . . . newspapers . . . radio! Anything but boats!

That night Jimmy had nightmares about the *Eager Beaver* and the *Mermaid* and Alvin chasing him across a sea of books. When he staggered downstairs the next morning he discovered that Alvin had been up since

dawn and had just returned from a trip out on the lake in the rowboat.

"I was just inspecting the course," Alvin said. "Do you think I could go to Pineville and get back in time for the race, James?"

Jimmy started to ask why in blazes he wanted to go to the county seat ten miles away, when a super-colossal idea sprang into his brain.

"Sure you'll have time," Jimmy said eagerly. "It's eight-thirty now and the race isn't till eleven. Say! Ted Lyons is driving to Pineville. I'll fix it up for him to take you and bring you back."

Jimmy fixed it up, all right. He got hold of Ted and did some fast talking. "Drive Alvin to Pineville. Waste as much time there as you can. On the way back take that country road through the woods: Then, after you've gone halfway, your car breaks down, see?"

Ted grinned. "And stays bro-

ken down till after the race starts, huh?"

"Right," Jimmy said. "With Alvin out of the way, I'll get Jeff Moore as crew. And we'll beat the stuffings out of that hot-shot Nick Powell."

"What if Alvin tries to walk back?"

"He'd never make it in time by road. And even Alvin isn't nuts enough to try a short cut through the bush. He'd get lost in no time and never be able to find his way out. How about it, Ted? Will you do it?"

"Anything to see Nick Powell trimmed," Ted said.

At a quarter to eleven when it was time to shove off for the race, Alvin wasn't around. Jimmy was elated. "It worked!" he yipped to Jeff Moore. "C'mon! There goes the warning signal."

As they ran out onto the dock where the *Eager Beaver* was tied up, Jimmy saw the green hull of Nick Powell's *Mermaid*.

Jimmy didn't waste a moment.

He raised the *Eager Beaver's* sail. He belayed the halyards. He turned to cast off. And his eyes almost popped out of his head.

A long-legged, bespectacled object was sprinting out of the woods back of the cottage as if wild demons were on his trail. His clothes were torn, his face and hands scratched from brambles and he was out of breath. It was Alvin!

Jimmy gasped.

"Gracious!" Alvin panted as he ran out on the wharf. "I was almost too late! Your friend's car broke down!"

Like a man in a daze, Jimmy watched Jeff Moore climb out of the boat and Alvin get in. Groggily, Jimmy put the *Eager Beaver* into motion and headed out into the lake. But his hand on the tiller was heavy. The race was as good as lost. There wasn't a chance to beat Nick Powell now! Not with Alvin as crew.

But twenty minutes later, Jimmy wasn't so sure. For as they streaked down the first leg of the course, the *Eager Beaver* was running neck and neck with the *Mermaid* and most of the field had been left far astern.

And, amazingly enough, Alvin had been a help. He had managed the stop watch so perfectly that Jimmy had got across the line just as the starting gun boomed.

Like glistening toy yachts on a string, the *Eager Beaver* and the *Mermaid* rounded number one buoy and plunged headlong into the second leg. And it was still anybody's race.

Suddenly, the wind began to stiffen, and the *Mermaid* with her larger sail was pulling ahead. Nick Powell turned around and waved mockingly.

"Take that homemade scow off the lake!" he yelled.

Jimmy growled, "I'll beat that hot-shot yet!"

By the time the *Eager Beaver* had passed number two buoy, the *Mermaid* had already rounded it and, holding to a starboard tack, was speeding off to the left to get around Indian Island for the dash home.

"We're licked, Alvin!" Jimmy moaned. "We'll never catch Nick now!"

Alvin was crouched forward in the cockpit, the sailing manual tucked in his hip pocket. "We can

still defeat that braggart, James," he said.

"Just how, Commodore?" Jimmy jeered. "By throwing that book at him?"

Alvin ignored the thrust. "Take that short cut between the island and the mainland."

"I told you no one can get through that rocky channel."

"Those rocks won't touch us, James," Alvin said.

"Are you crazy?"

"If you had been following the weather reports," Alvin replied calmly, "you would know that heavy rains occurred north of here. Streams feeding into Loon Lake have dumped in gallons of rain water. The lake has risen several inches. I assure you there is sufficient clearance for our craft to sail over the rocks."

"But," Jimmy gasped, "how do you know?"

"I measured the depth when I was out in the rowboat this morning."

Jimmy stared at his cousin. "But . . . but the rules!"

"I went to Pineville to see the rules committee," Alvin said. "They assured me the short cut was quite legitimate."

Jimmy's head was whirling. Could he risk wrecking the *Eager Beaver* on those rocks? His instinct rebelled against it. All Alvin knew about sailing had come out of books! He'd be nuts to chance it on the say-so of this bookworm strategist. Yet, if he didn't, Nick Powell would win!

Jimmy hesitated for a long minute. Then, with awful doubt crowding around him, he made a quick decision. "O.K.," he yelled. "We'll try it!"

He rammed the tiller hard over and, with the centerboard up, drove the *Eager Beaver* straight for the middle of the submerged reef.

Through the clear green water he saw razor-sharp rocks streaking toward them. He held his breath. The rocks were at the boat's prow! Numbly he waited for the shuddering crash. But there was none.

"We've done it!" Jimmy yelled.

The trim little catboat didn't falter. With centerboard lowered and sail stretched tight, she bowled on past the island and scooted out the other side. Jimmy snatched a quick look astern—and a

thrill coursed through him. Alvin's brainstorm had paid off. The short cut had put them far ahead of Nick Powell and the *Mermaid*!

Three minutes later, the *Eager Beaver*, spray flying, scudded across the finish line. A gun boomed from the shore. They had won the race!

"LOOK, Alvin," Jimmy said as they tacked toward the yacht club to receive the silver cup. "I've been a heel. If it hadn't been for you, I'd have lost!"

"I can take no credit, James," Alvin said. "It was all in the manual for anyone to read. Rule 3, subdivision 6, states: 'Inspect the course carefully before the race. Be ready to take advantage of every short cut, every change in weather conditions.' I just applied this rule."

"Jeepers!" Jimmy said. "Give me that manual, I'm going to frame it!"

"I wouldn't frame it, James, if I were you," Alvin said. "I'd read it."

Jimmy took the book from Alvin and looked at it thoughtfully. "Yeah. I guess you've got something there, pal," he said.

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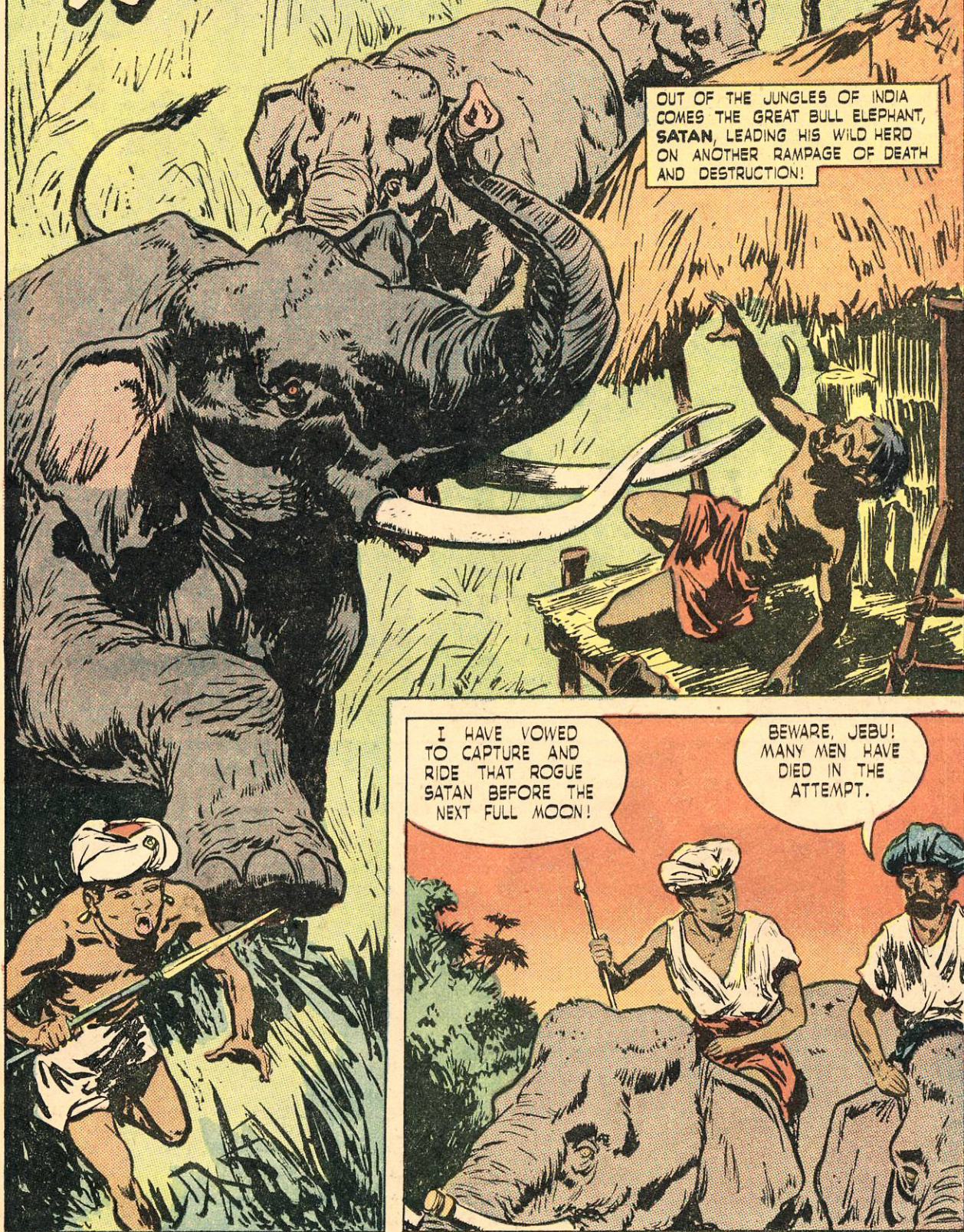
Name _____

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City _____ State _____

WILD SATAN

OUT OF THE JUNGLES OF INDIA COMES THE GREAT BULL ELEPHANT, SATAN, LEADING HIS WILD HERD ON ANOTHER RAMPAGE OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION!



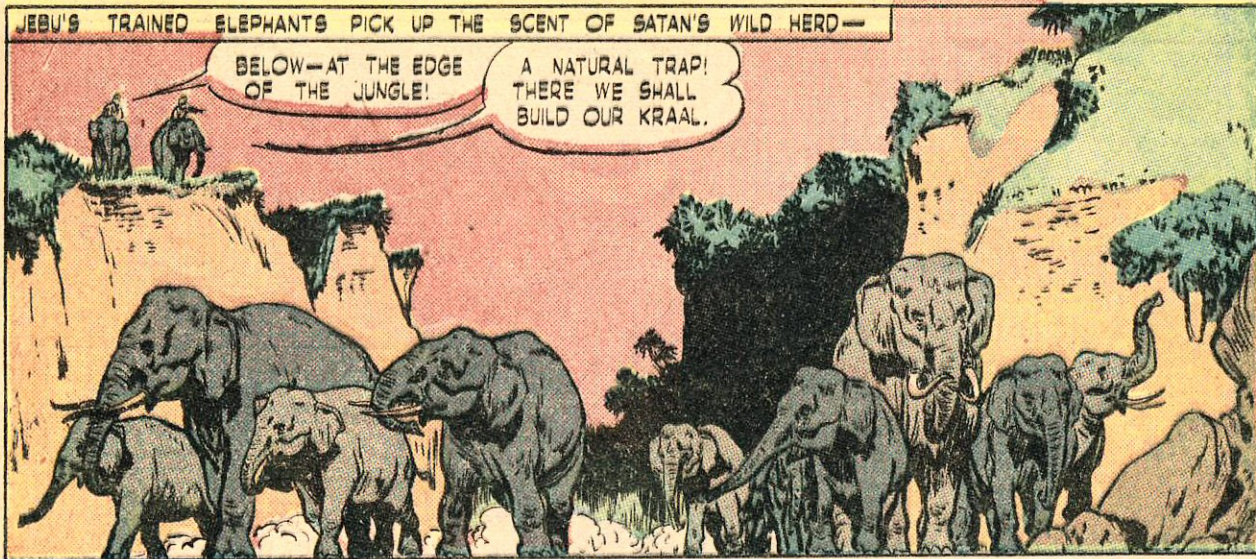
I HAVE VOWED TO CAPTURE AND RIDE THAT ROGUE SATAN BEFORE THE NEXT FULL MOON!

BEWARE, JEBU! MANY MEN HAVE DIED IN THE ATTEMPT.

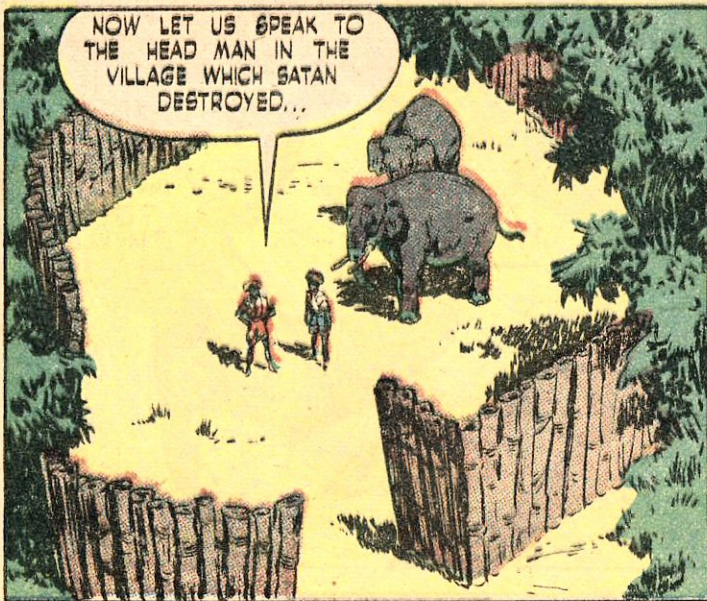
JEBU'S TRAINED ELEPHANTS PICK UP THE SCENT OF SATAN'S WILD HERD—

BELOW—AT THE EDGE
OF THE JUNGLE!

A NATURAL TRAP!
THERE WE SHALL
BUILD OUR KRAAL.

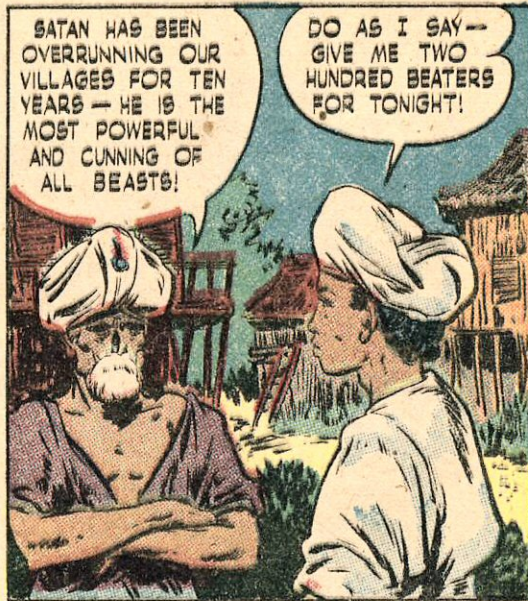


NOW LET US SPEAK TO
THE HEAD MAN IN THE
VILLAGE WHICH SATAN
DESTROYED...

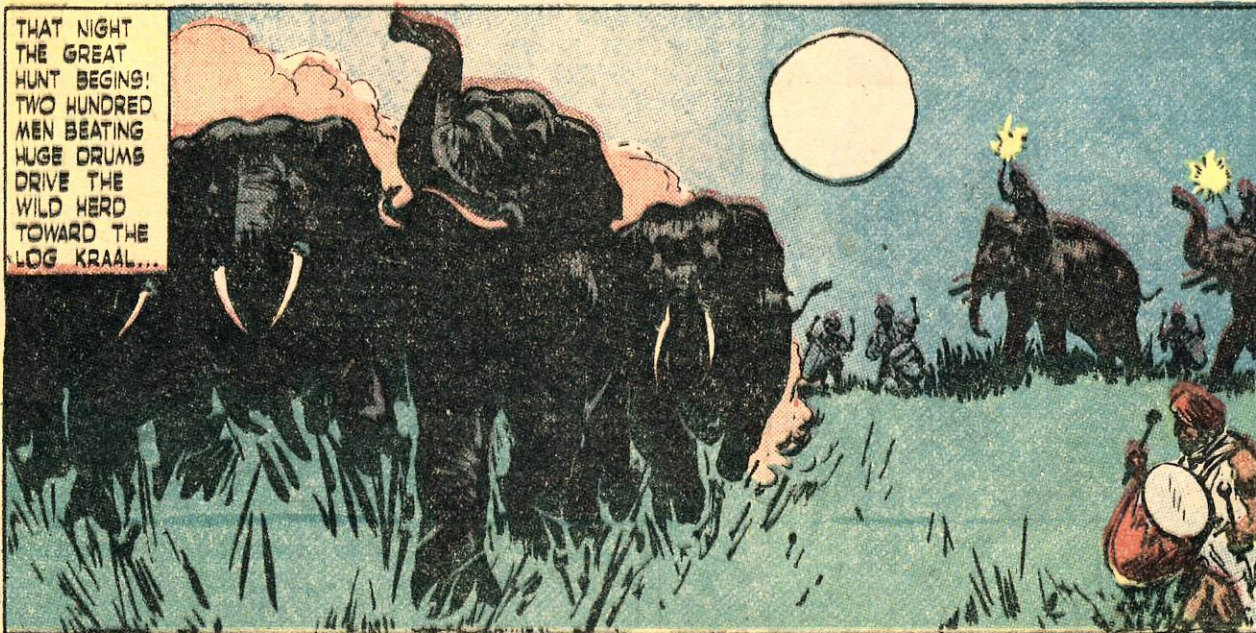


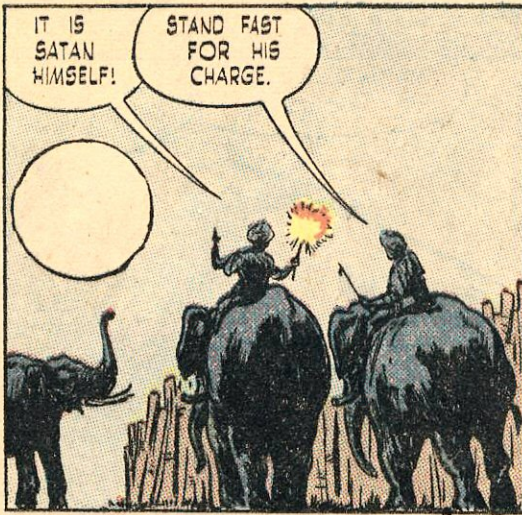
SATAN HAS BEEN
OVERRUNNING OUR
VILLAGES FOR TEN
YEARS— HE IS THE
MOST POWERFUL
AND CUNNING OF
ALL BEASTS!

DO AS I SAY—
GIVE ME TWO
HUNDRED BEATERS
FOR TONIGHT!



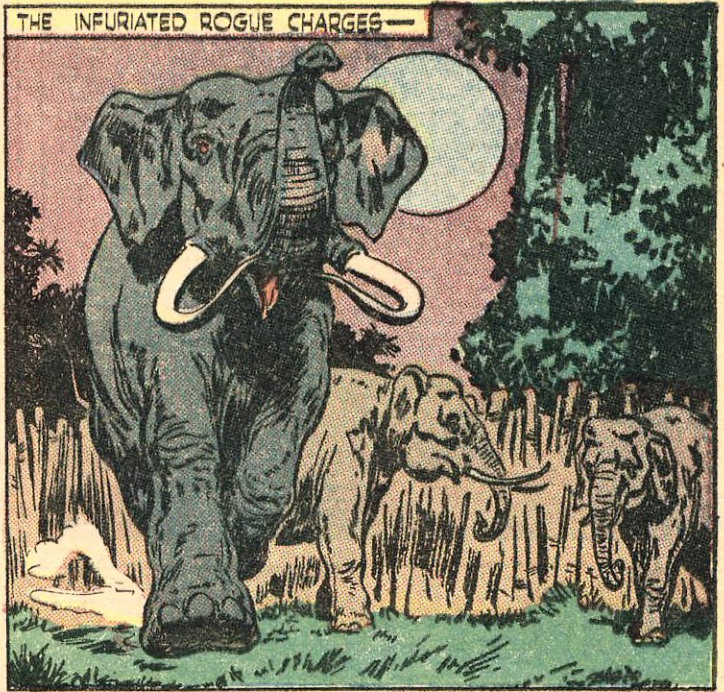
THAT NIGHT
THE GREAT
HUNT BEGINS!
TWO HUNDRED
MEN BEATING
HUGE DRUMS
DRIVE THE
WILD HERD
TOWARD THE
LOG KRAAL...





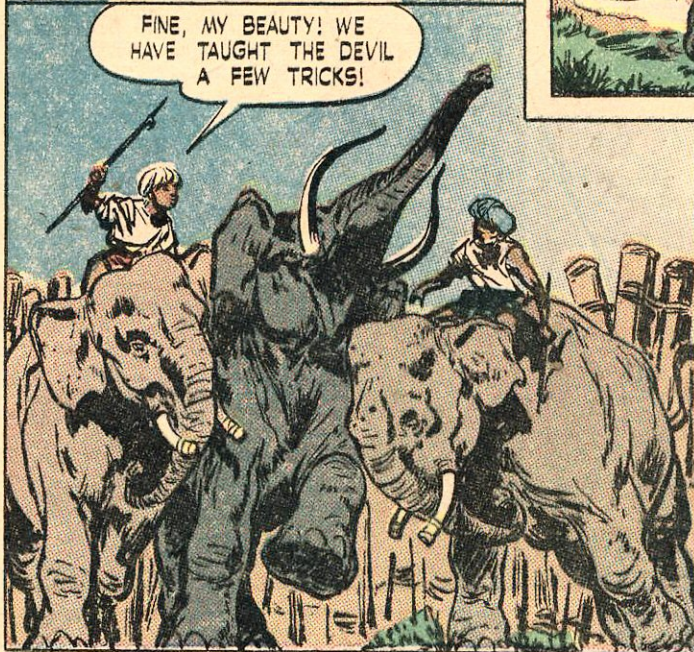
IT IS
SATAN
HIMSELF!

STAND FAST
FOR HIS
CHARGE.



THE INFURIATED ROGUE CHARGES—

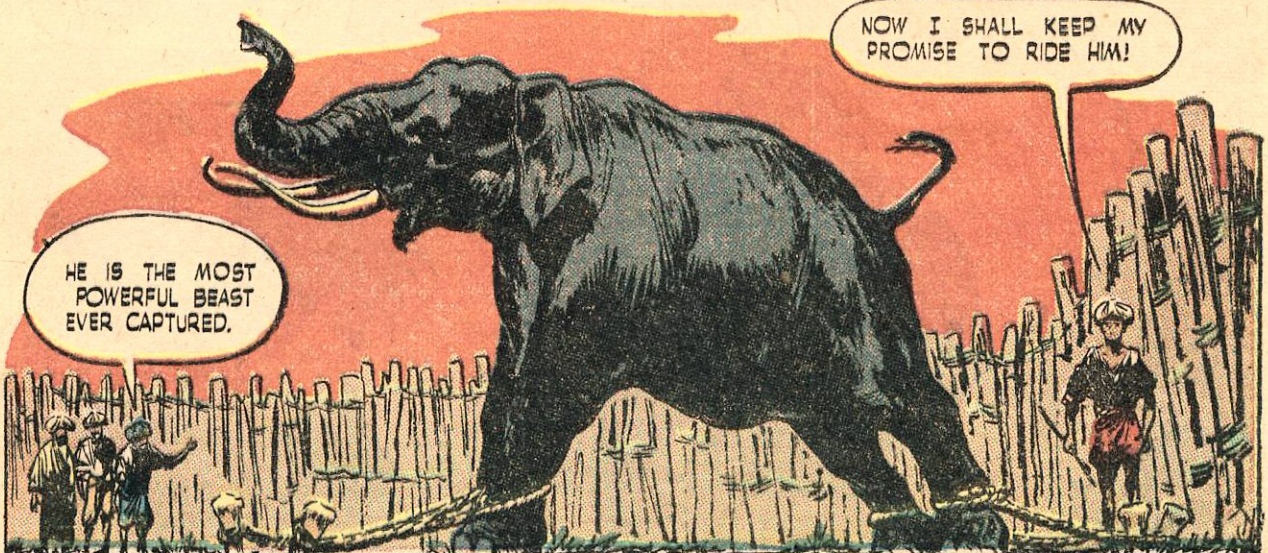
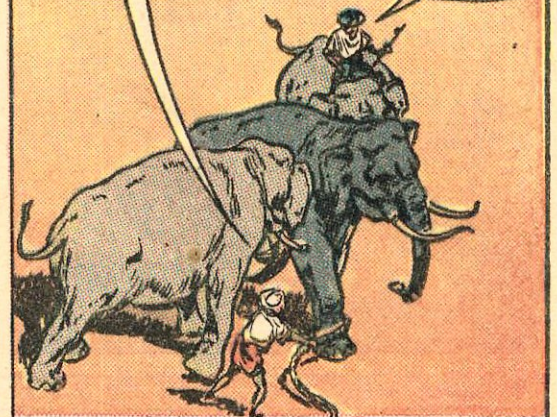
— BUT JEBU'S TRAINED ELEPHANTS QUICKLY
PIN DOWN THE POWERFUL BEAST.



FINE, MY BEAUTY! WE
HAVE TAUGHT THE DEVIL
A FEW TRICKS!

HOLD HIM STILL, MY
BEAUTIES, WHILE I
CHAIN HIS FEET.

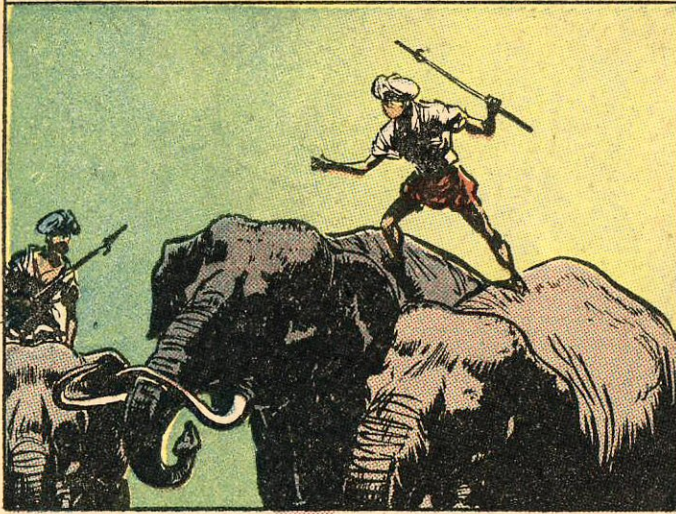
WATCH OUT
FOR HIS
TUSKS, JEBU!



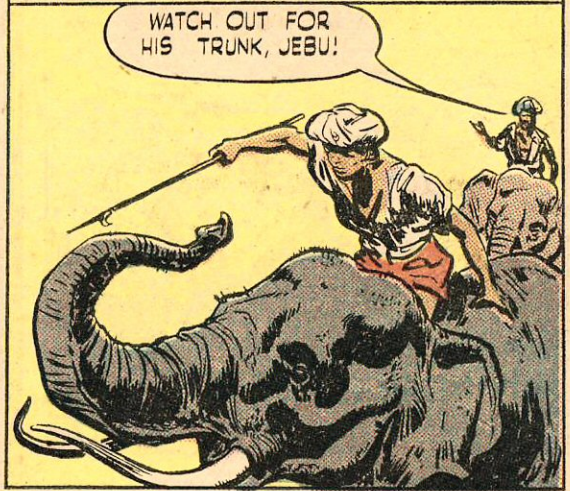
HE IS THE MOST
POWERFUL BEAST
EVER CAPTURED.

NOW I SHALL KEEP MY
PROMISE TO RIDE HIM!

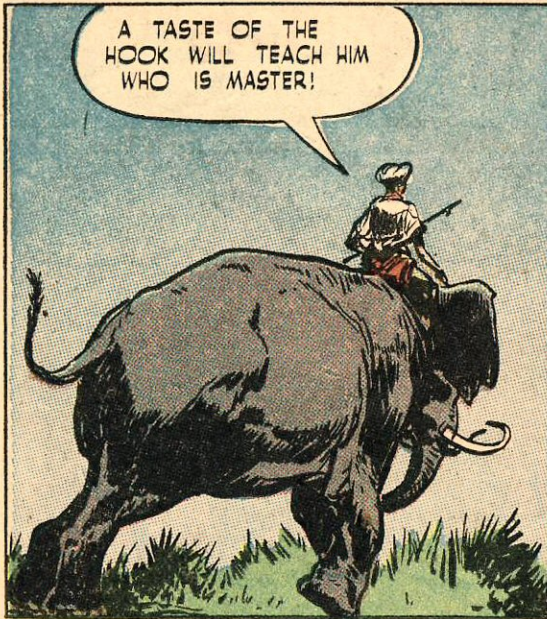
JEBU LEAPS SKILLFULLY ONTO THE POWERFUL ROGUE—



— AND THRUSTS HIS TOES INTO THE HOLES
BEHIND THE GREAT BEAST'S EARS.



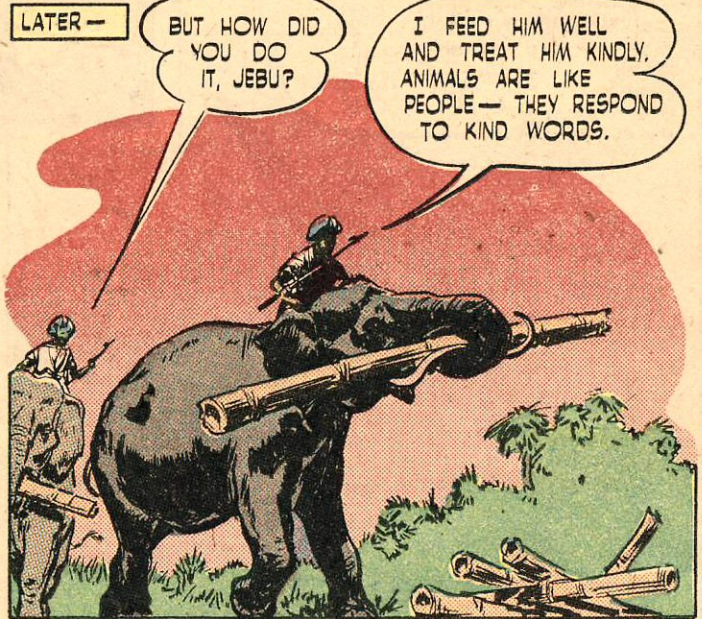
A TASTE OF THE
HOOK WILL TEACH HIM
WHO IS MASTER!



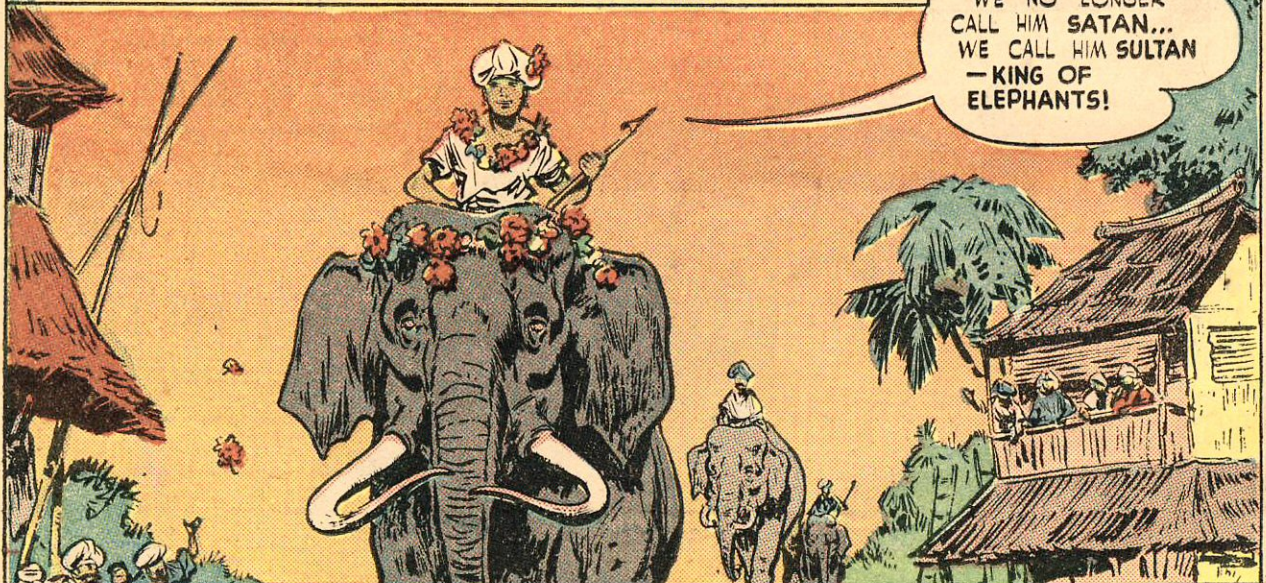
LATER —

BUT HOW DID
YOU DO
IT, JEBU?

I FEED HIM WELL
AND TREAT HIM KINDLY.
ANIMALS ARE LIKE
PEOPLE— THEY RESPOND
TO KIND WORDS.

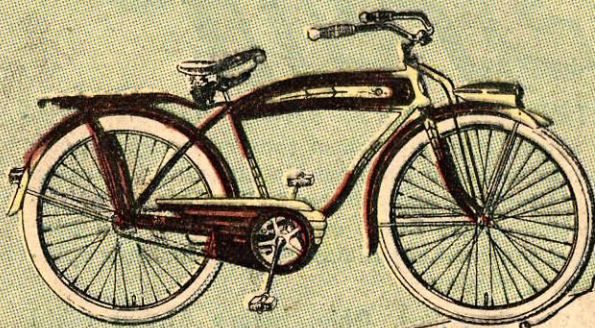


THE PEOPLE REBUILD THEIR VILLAGE AND GIVE A CELEBRATION HONORING JEBU.



WE NO LONGER
CALL HIM SATAN...
WE CALL HIM SULTAN
— KING OF
ELEPHANTS!

RIDE THE RIGHT BIKE...

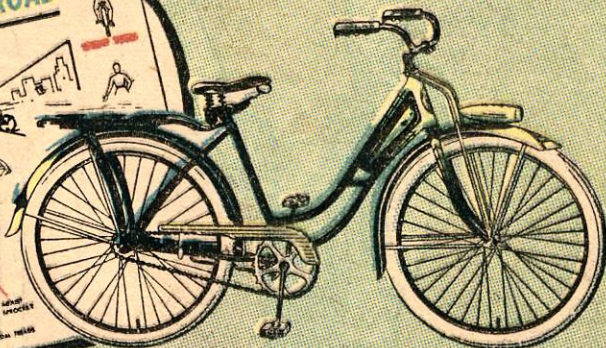


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GIRLS—Here's the colorful COLUMBIA Standard Model with a balanced effect achieved by attractive rear parcel carrier and tank compartment enclosing electric horn. Blue with ivory enameled truss rods, trim and chain guards.



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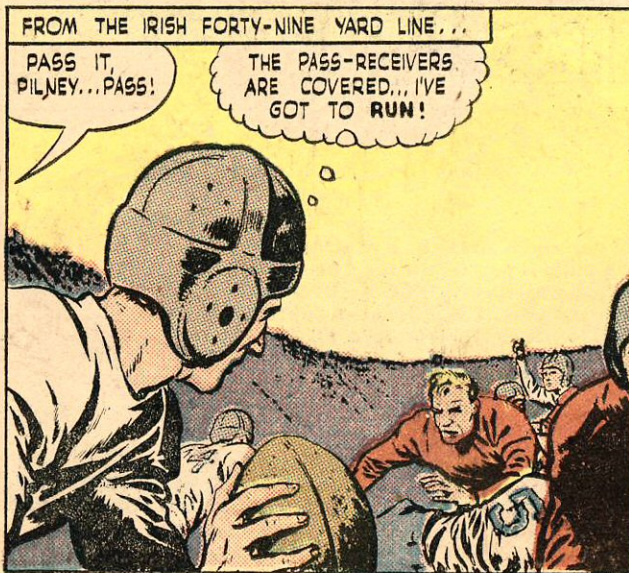
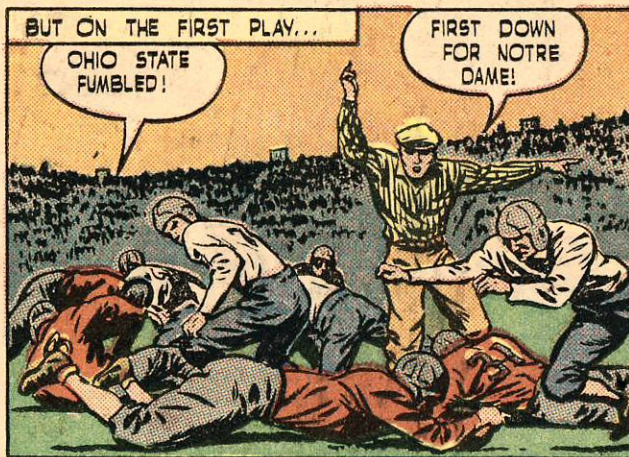
NOTRE DAME VS. OHIO STATE--1935

In sports, one tiny tick of time can pack enough drama to last a lifetime! No one who witnessed that titanic struggle between two giants of the gridiron—Notre Dame and Ohio State—will ever forget the crashing climax of those last few split-seconds of play.

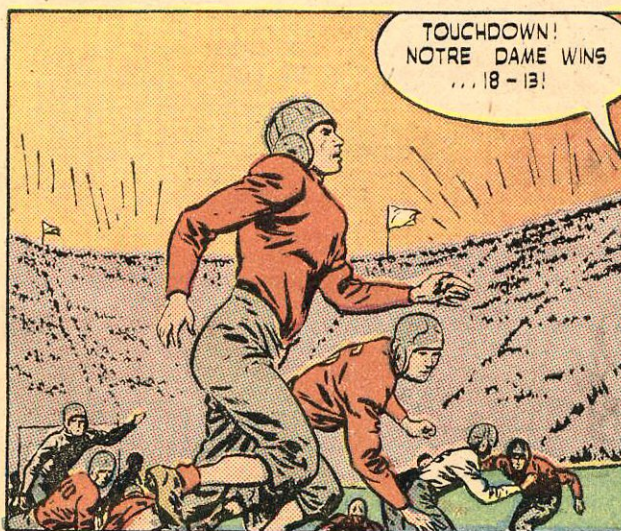
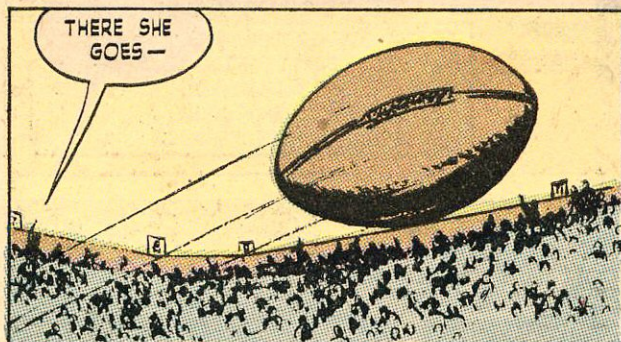
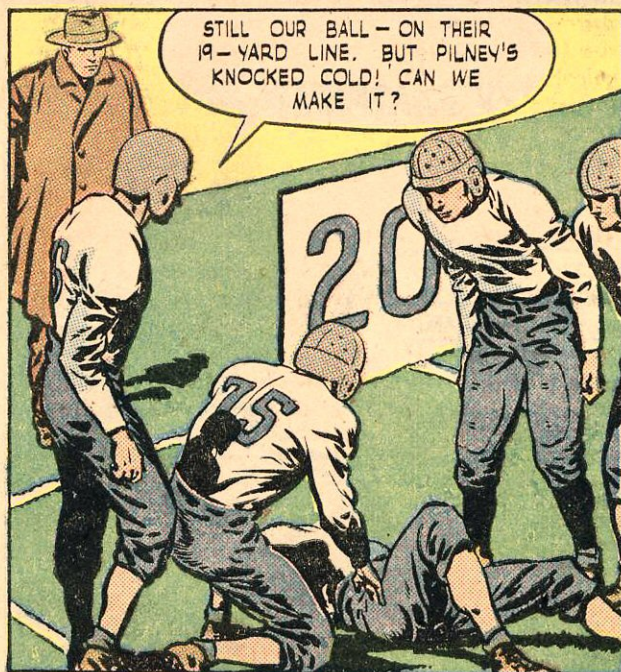
PLACE: Columbus, Ohio, before 81,000 rabid football fans

TIME: November 2, 1935.

ACTION: Favored Ohio State versus Notre Dame. At the end of the first half, the score stood 13-0 against the Fighting Irish. But in the fourth quarter, the battlers from South Bend struck swiftly to score once . . . twice! With only two minutes left to play—Ohio State 13, Notre Dame 12—the Irish kicked off . . .

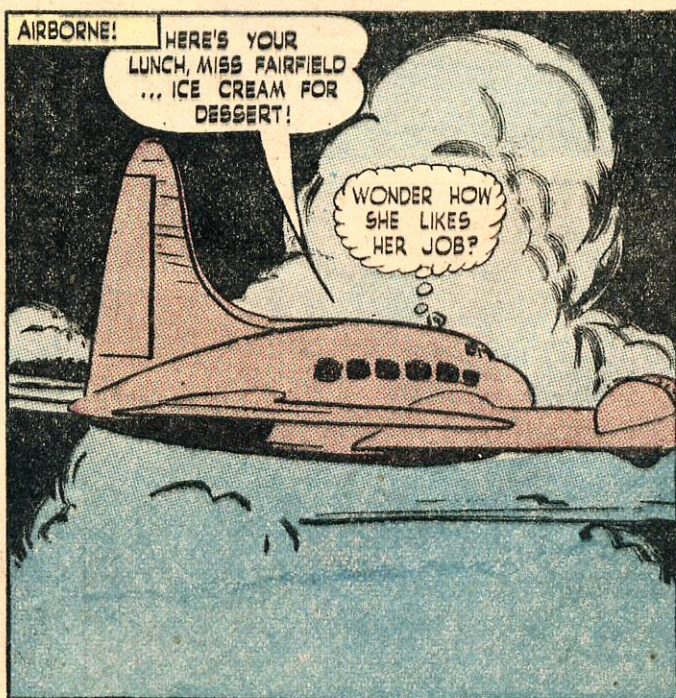
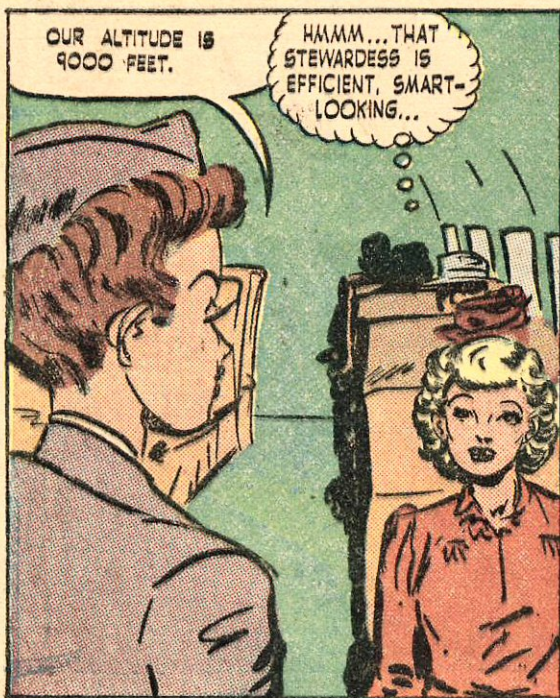
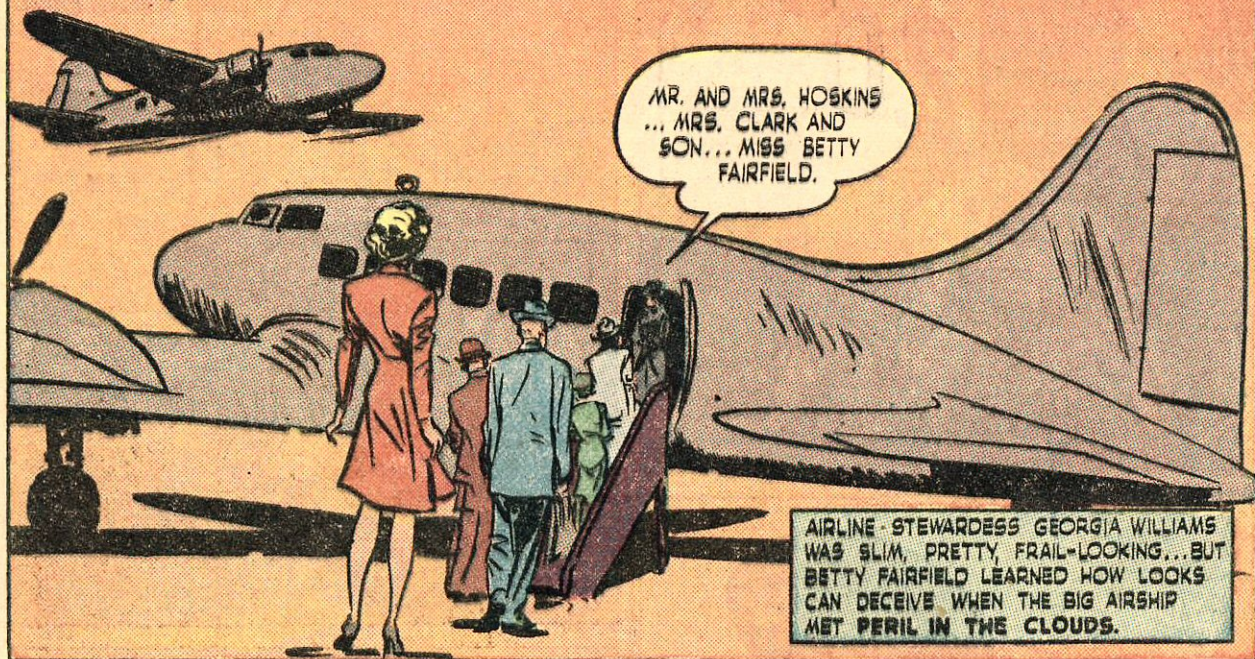


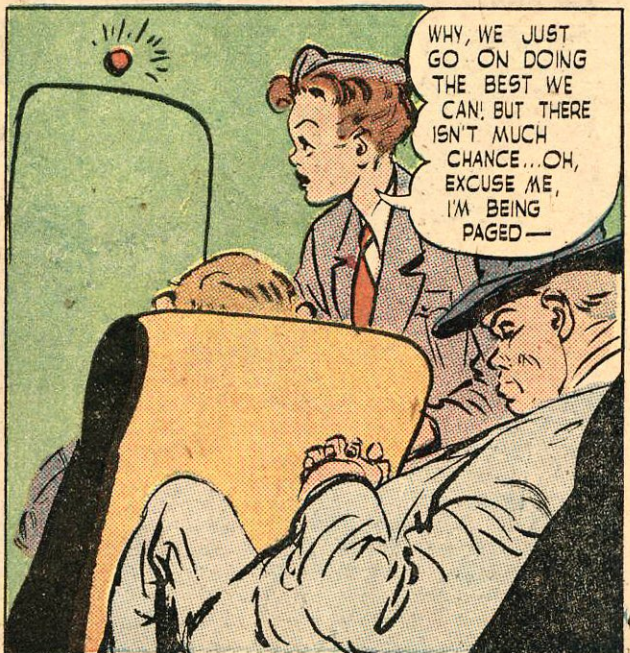
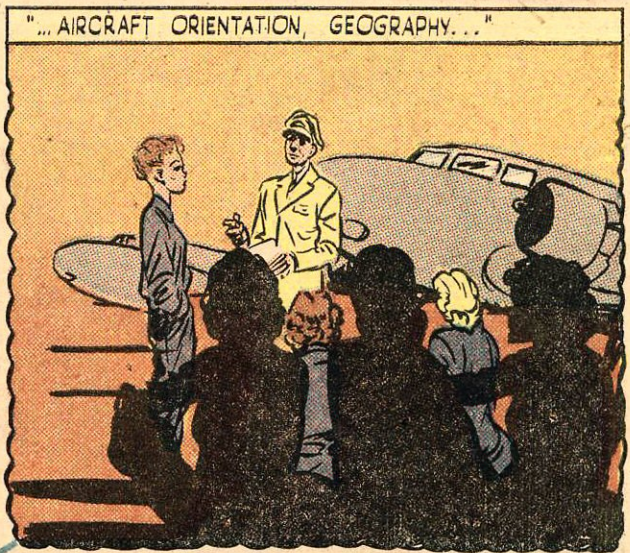
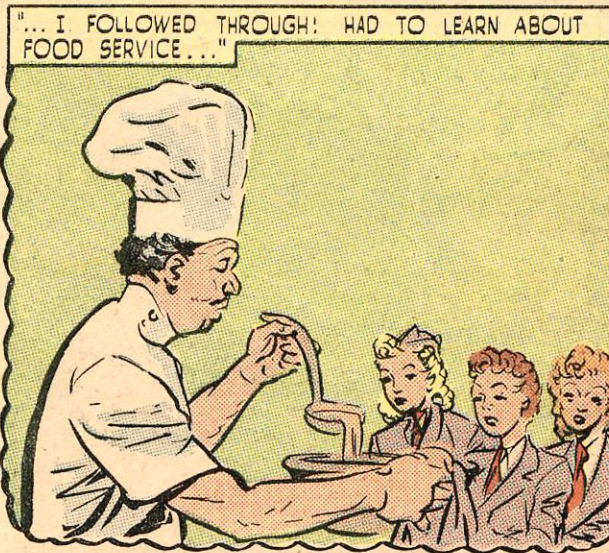
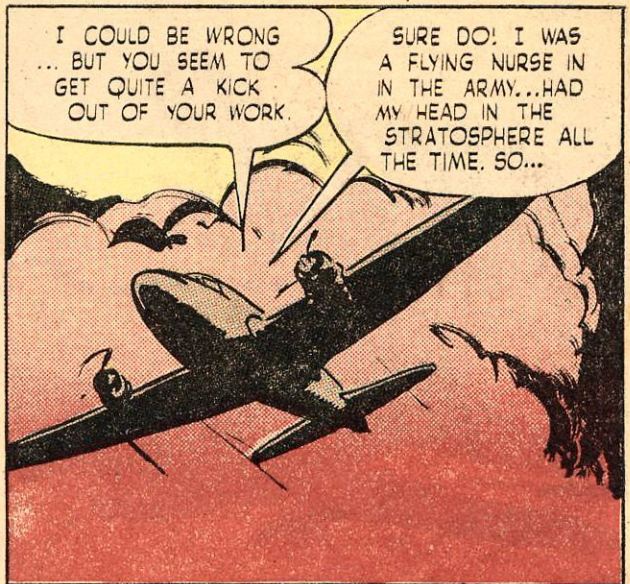
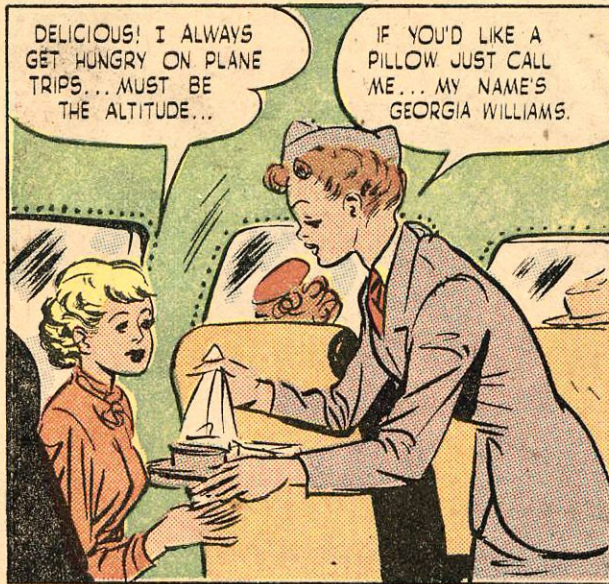
SECONDS IN Sports!

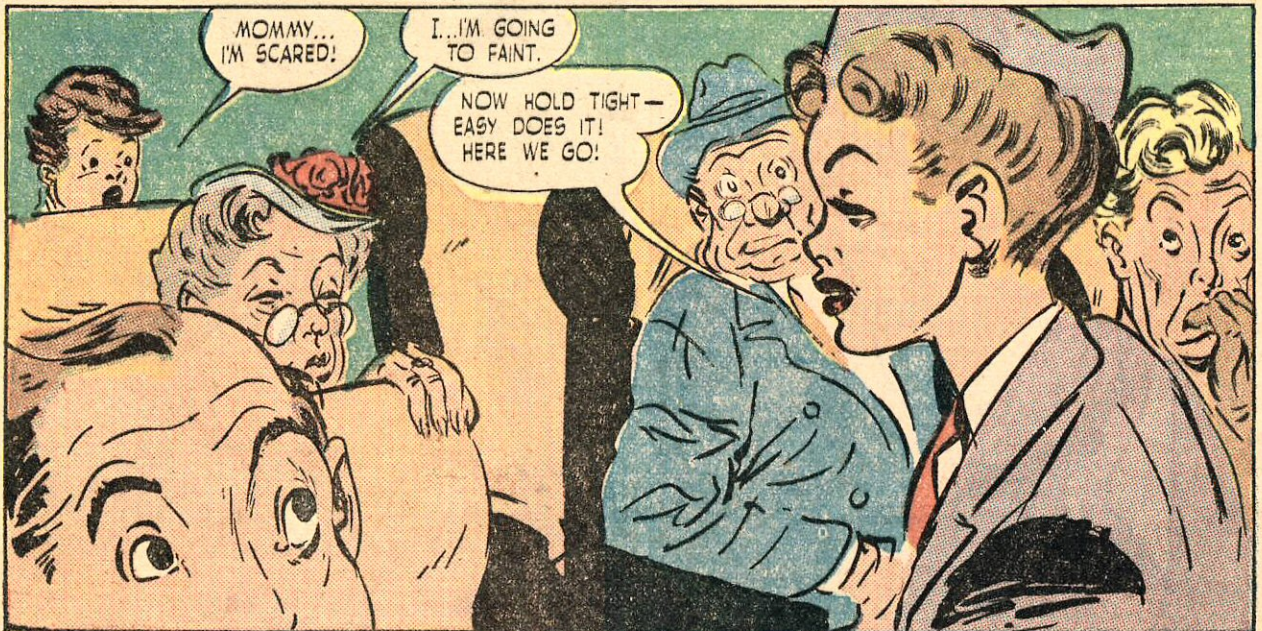
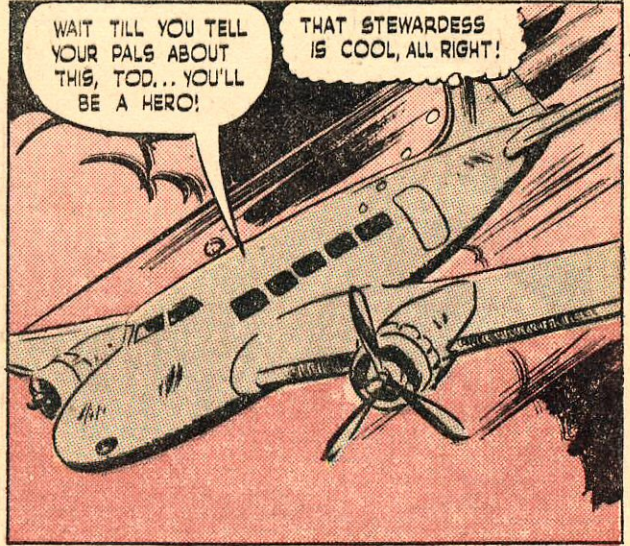
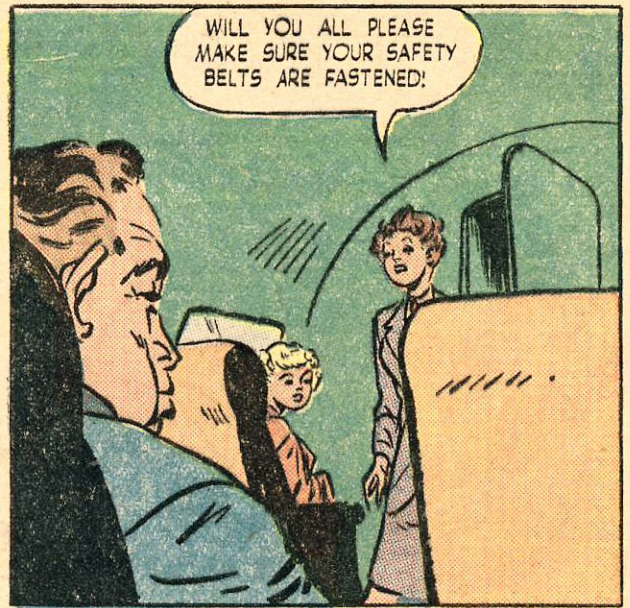


PERIL IN THE CLOUDS

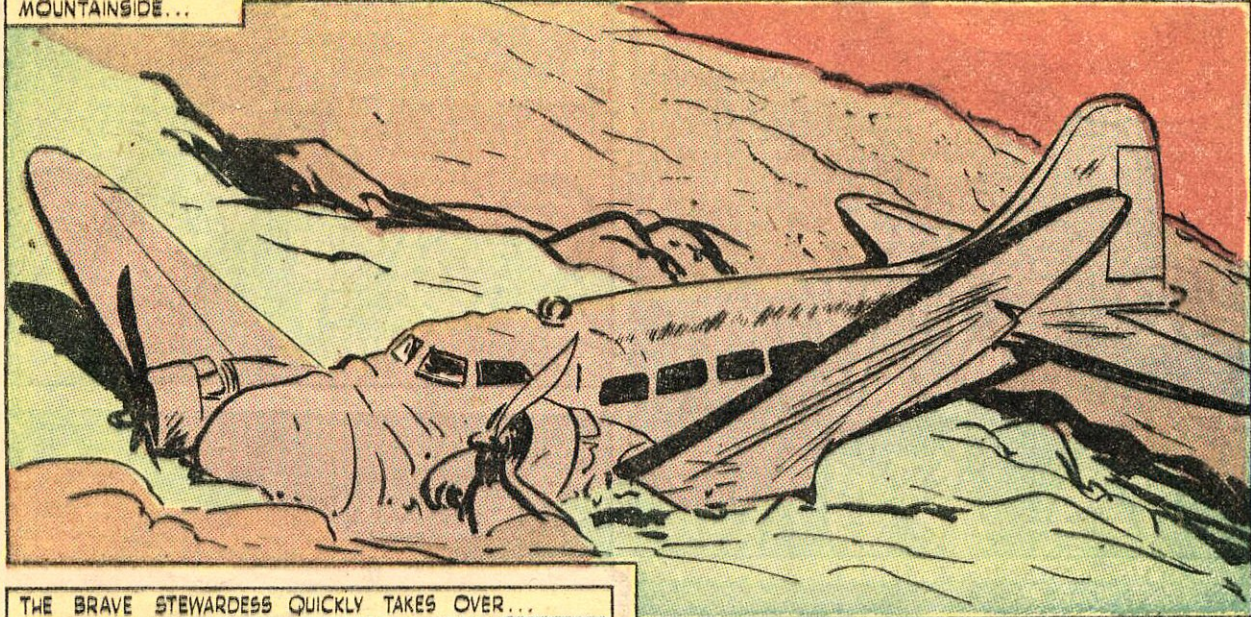
A BETTY FAIRFIELD ADVENTURE





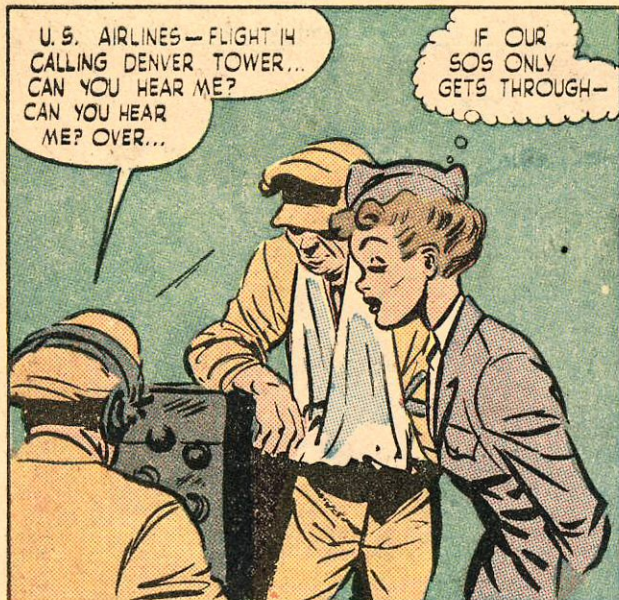


ONLY THE SKILL OF THE VETERAN PILOT AVERTS DISASTER, AS THE BIG PLANE CRASH-LANDS ON THE MOUNTAIN SIDE...

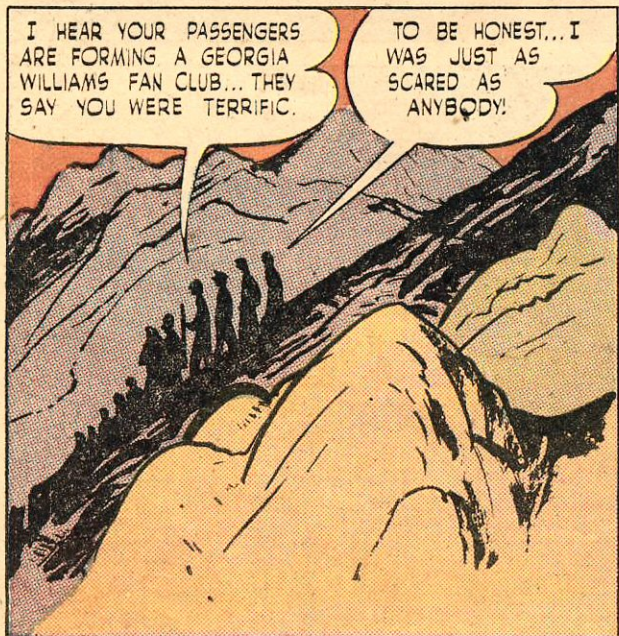
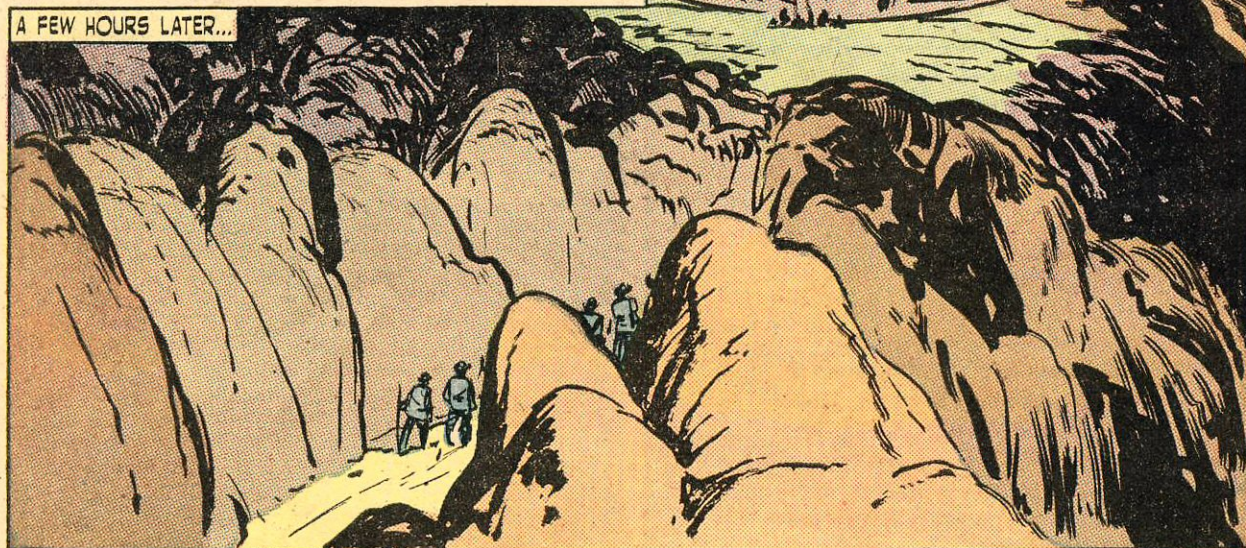


THE BRAVE STEWARDESS QUICKLY TAKES OVER...





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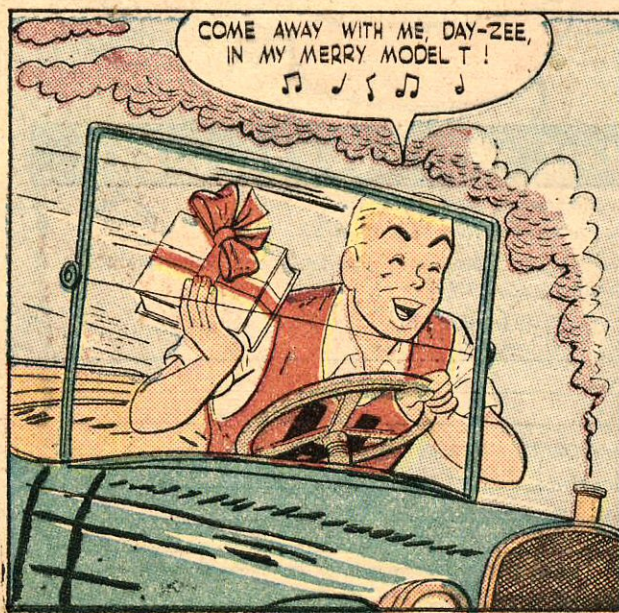
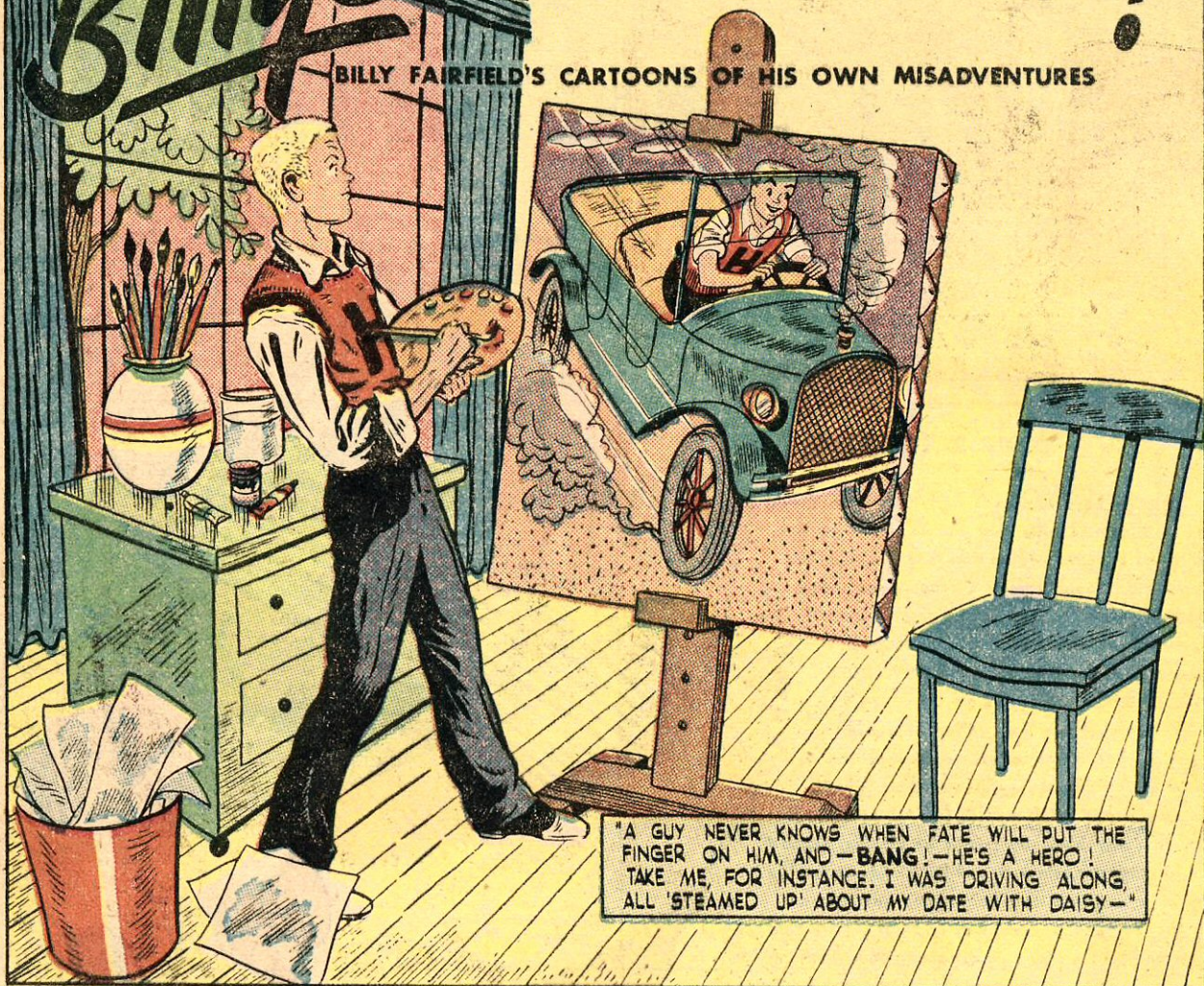
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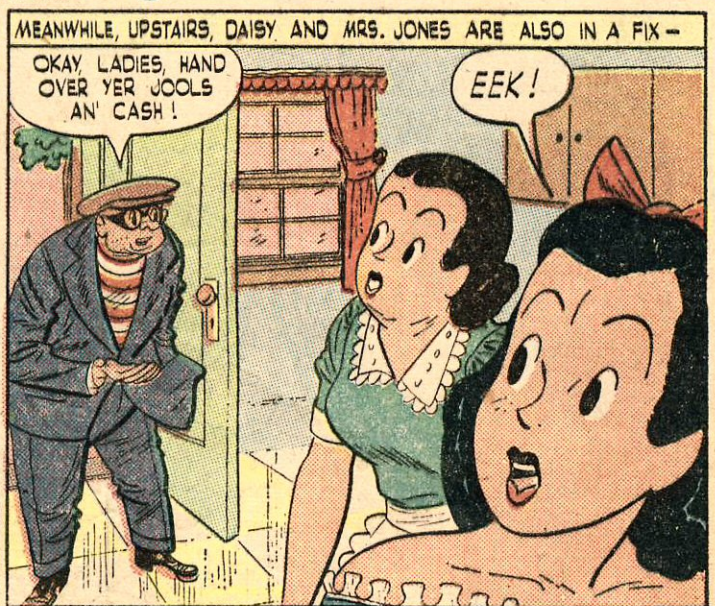
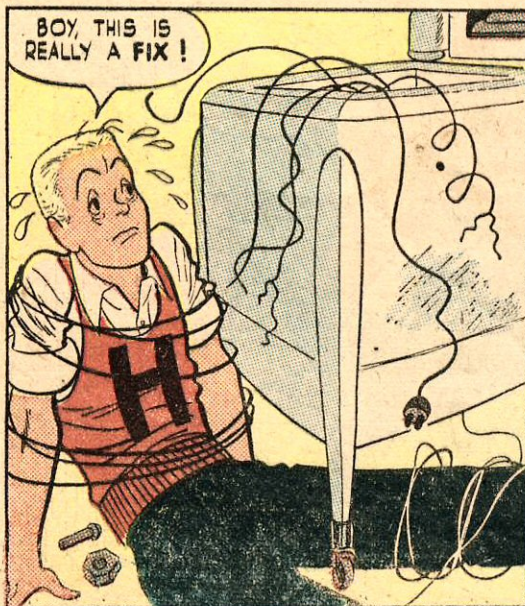
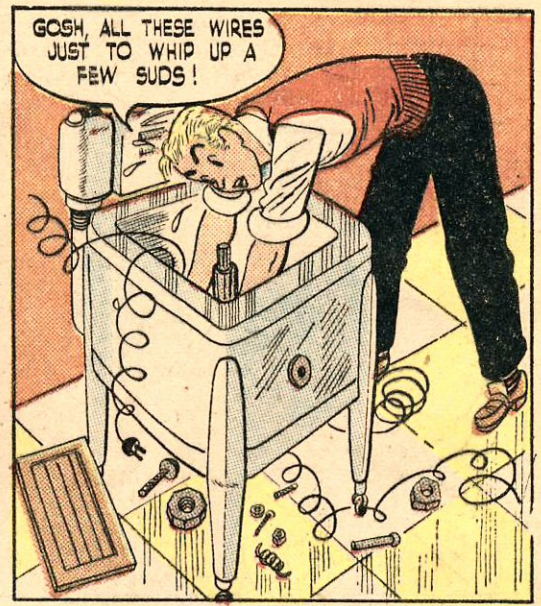
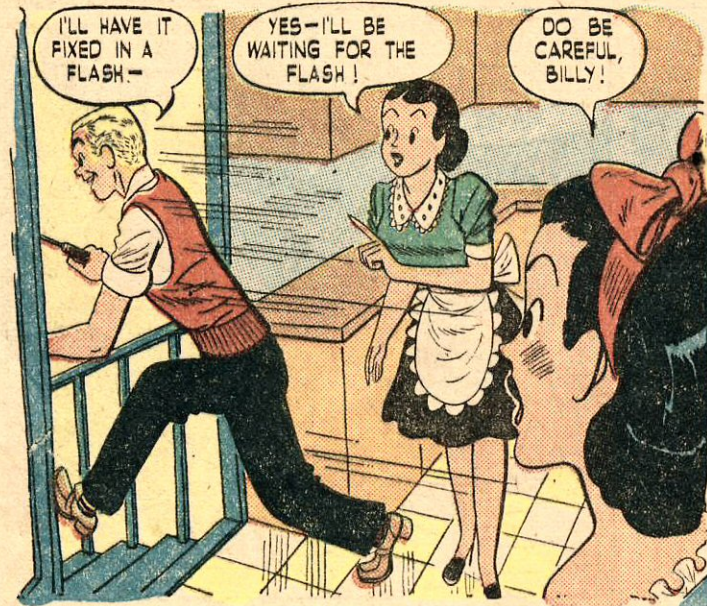
(Use extra sheet of paper for additional names)

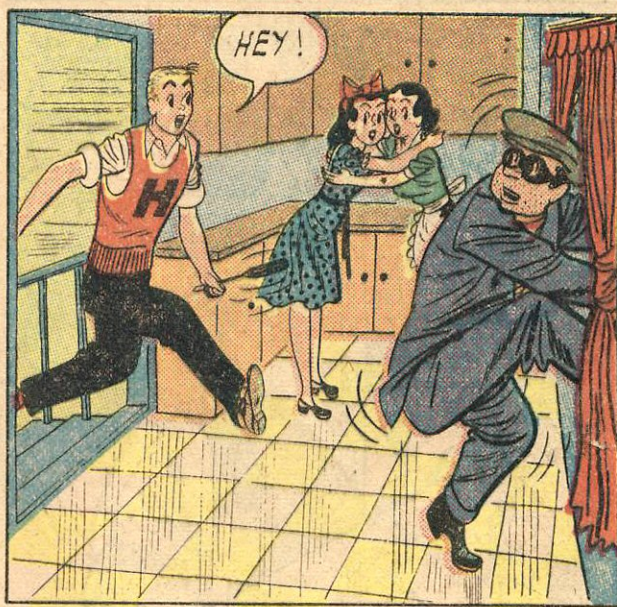
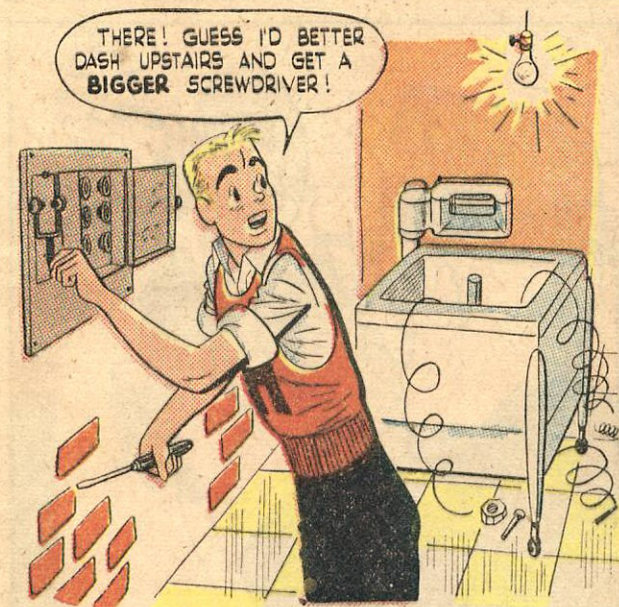
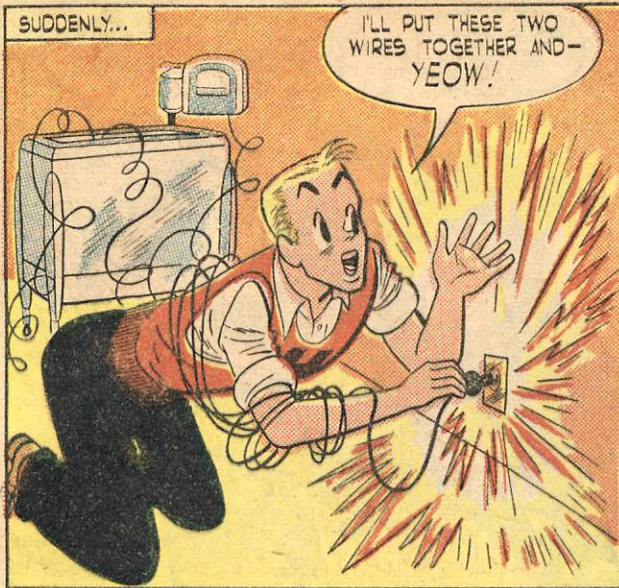
Billy's BIG BLOW-OUT!

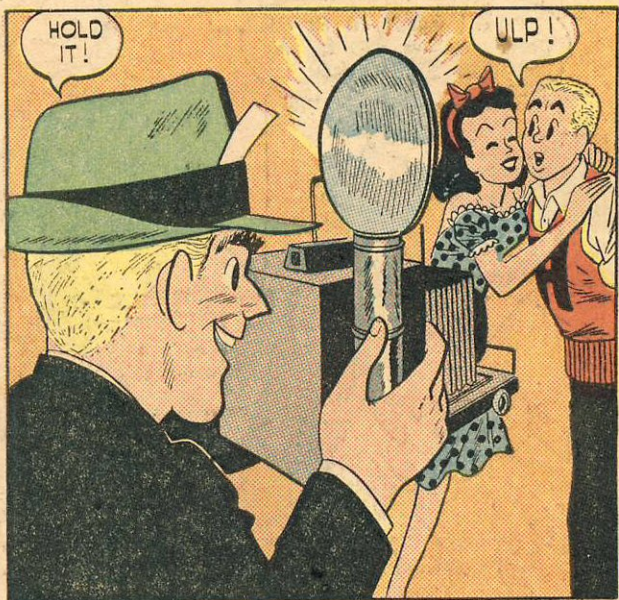
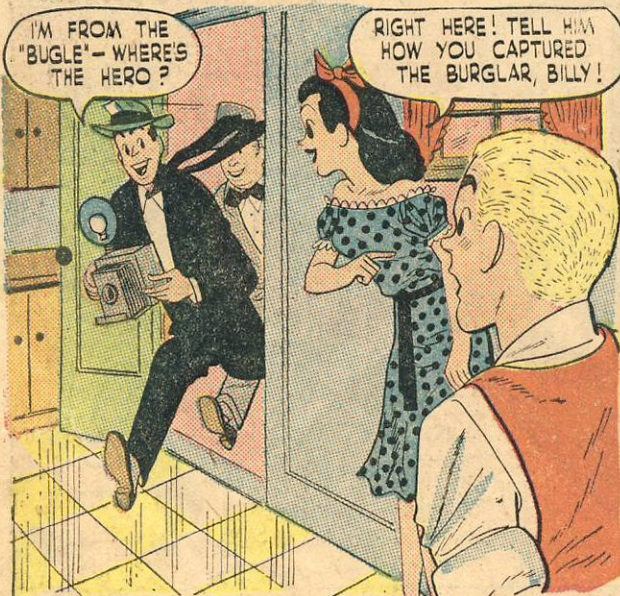
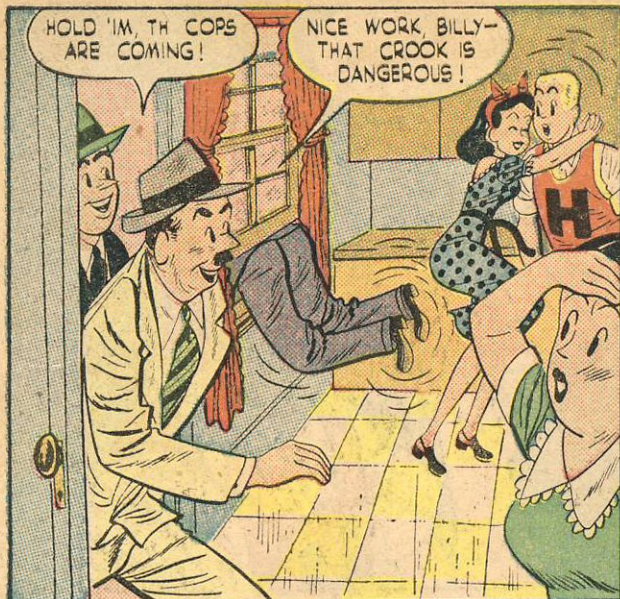
BILLY FAIRFIELD'S CARTOONS OF HIS OWN MISADVENTURES

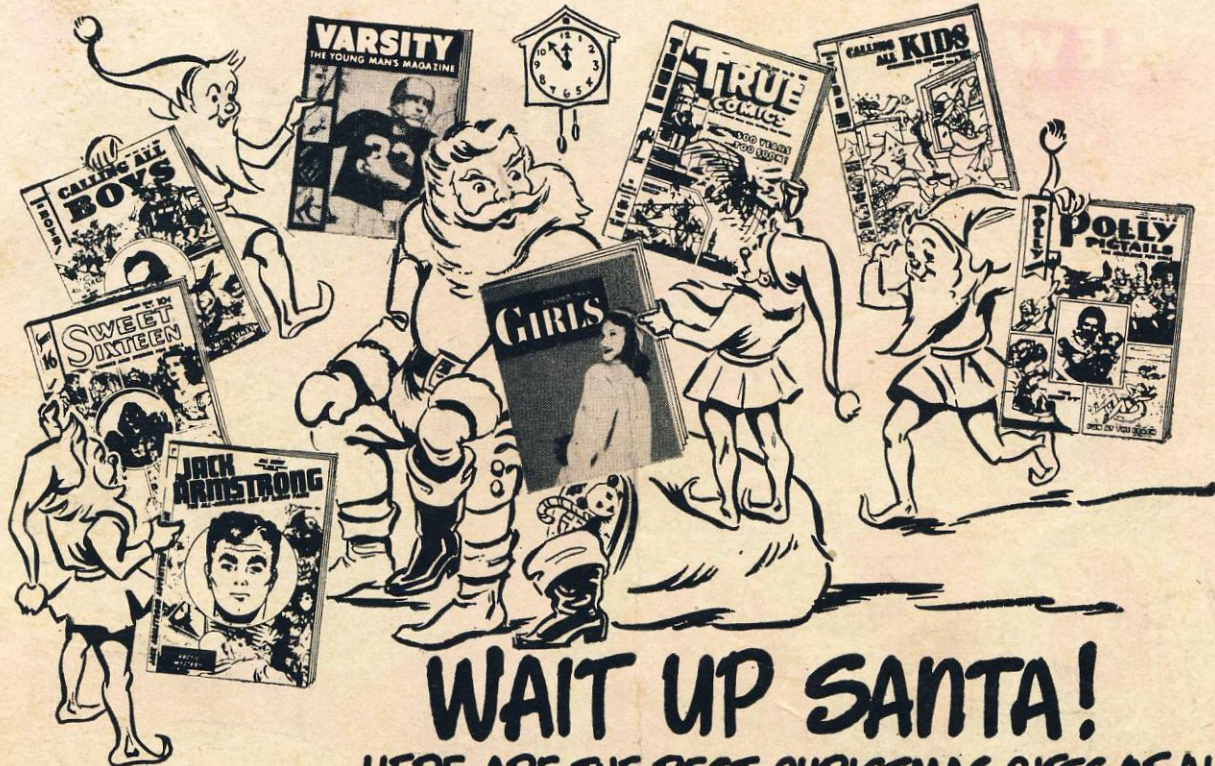












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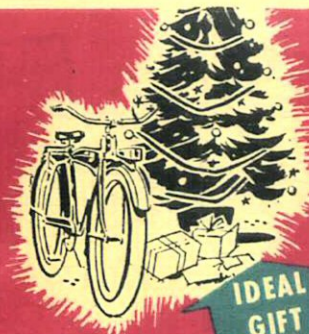
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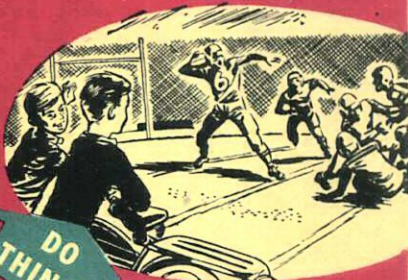
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